



ALLAN RAMSAY

died 1763.

THE *11643, 200*
GENTLE SHEPHERD, *28.*

A
SCOTS PASTORAL
COMEDY.

Adorned with CUTS and a complete GLOSSERY,

WITH
OTHER SELECT PIECES,

By ALLAN RAMSAY. *K*

EDINBURGH:
Printed for ROBERT JAMESON,

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T O

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE,

S U S A N N A,

Countess of EGLINTON.

MADAM,

THE love of approbation, and a desire to please the best, have ever encouraged the Poets to finish their designs with cheerfulness. But conscious of their own inability to oppose a storm of spleen and haughty ill-nature, it is generally an ingenious custom amongst them to chuse some honourable shade.

Wherefore I beg leave to put my Pastoral under your Ladyship's protection. If my Patroness says, The Shepherds speak as they ought, and that there are several natural flowers that beautify the rural wild; I shall have good reason to think myself safe from the awkward censure of some pretending judges, that condemn before examination.

I am sure of vast numbers that will crowd into your Ladyship's opinion, and think it their honour to agree in their sentiments with the Countess of EGLINTON, whose penetration, superior wit, and sound judgment, shine with uncommon lustre, while accompanied with the diviner charms of goodness and equality of mind.

If it were not for offending only your Ladyship, here, Madam, I might give the fullest liberty to my muse to delineate the finest of women, by drawing your Ladyship's character, and be in no hazard of being deemed a flatterer; since flattery lies not in paying what is due to merit, but in praises misplaced.

Were I to begin with your Ladyship's honourable birth and alliance, the field is ample, and presents us with numberless great and good patriots, that have dignified the names of KENNEDY and MONTGOMERY: Be that the care of the herald and the historian. It is personal merit, and the heavenly sweetness of the fair, that inspire the tuneful lays. Here every Lesbia must be excepted, whose tongues give liberty to the slaves which their eyes had made captives. Such may be flattered; but your Ladyship justly claims our admiration and profoundest respect: For whilst you are possessed of every outward charm in the most perfect degree, the never-fading beauties of wisdom and piety, which adorn your Ladyship's mind, command devotion.

DEDICATION.

5

All this is very true, cries one of better sense than good-nature: But what occasion have you to tell us the sun shines, when we have the use of our eyes, and see his influence?—Very true; but I have the liberty to use the poet's privilege, which is, To speak what every body thinks. Indeed, there might be some strength in the reflection, if the Idalian registers were of as short duration as life: But the Bard who fondly hopes immortality, has a certain praise-worthy pleasure in communicating to posterity the fame of distinguished characters.—I write this last sentence with a hand that trembles between hope and fear: But if I shall prove so happy as to please your Ladyship in the following attempt, then all my doubts shall vanish like a morning vapour; I shall hope to be classed with Tasso and Guarini; and sing with Ovid,

If 'tis allow'd to poets to divine,
One half of round eternity is mine.

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's

most obedient, and

most devoted servant,

ALLAN RAMSAY.

THE HISTORY OF

THE CITY OF BOSTON
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME
IN TWO VOLUMES
BY NATHANIEL BENTLEY

VOLUME I
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE YEAR 1700
IN TWO VOLUMES
BY NATHANIEL BENTLEY

VOLUME II
FROM THE YEAR 1700
TO THE PRESENT TIME
IN TWO VOLUMES
BY NATHANIEL BENTLEY

NEW-YORK: PUBLISHED BY J. B. ALLEN, 1821.



T O T H E
C O U N T E S S O F E G L I N T O N ,

With the following

P A S T O R A L .

A CCEPT, O EGLINTON! the rural lays,
That, bound to thee, thy poet humbly pays:
The muse, that oft has rais'd her tuneful strains,
A frequent guest on *Scotia's* blissful plains;
That oft has sung, her list'ning youth to move,
The charms of beauty, and the force of love;
Once more resumes the still successful lay,
Delighted through the verdant meads to stray.
O! come, invok'd and pleas'd, with her repair,
To breathe the balmy sweets of purer air,
In the cool evening negligently laid,
Or near the stream, or in the rural shade;
Propitious hear, and, as thou hear'st, approve
The *Gentle Shepherd's* tender tale of love.

Instructed from these scenes, what glowing fires
Inflame the breast that real love inspires!
The fair shall read of ardors, sighs, and tears,
All that a lover hopes, and all he fears.

Hence too, what passions in his bosom rise!
 What dawning gladness sparkles in his eyes!
 When first the fair one, piteous of his fate,
 Kill'd of her scorn, and vanquish'd of her hate,
 With willing mind, is bounteous to relent,
 And blushing, beauteous, smiles the kind consent!
 Love's passion here in each extreme is shown,
 In CHARLOT's smile, or in MARIA's frown.

With words like these, that fail'd not to engage,
 Love courted beauty in a golden age;
 Pure and untaught, such nature first inspir'd,
 Ere yet the fair affected phrase desir'd.
 His secret thoughts were undisguis'd with art,
 His words ne'er knew to differ from his heart.
 He speaks his loves so artless and sincere,
 As thy ELIZA might be pleas'd to hear.

Heav'n only to the *rural state* bestows
 Conquest o'er life, and freedom from its woes;
 Secure alike from envy and from care;
 Nor rais'd by hope, nor yet depress'd by fear:
 Nor want's lean hand its happiness constrains,
 Nor riches torture with ill-gotten gains.
 No secret guilt its steadfast peace destroys,
 No wild ambition interrupts its joys.
 Blest still to spend the hours that heav'n has lent,
 In humble goodness, and in calm content.
 Serenely gentle, as the thoughts that roll,
 Sinless and pure, in fair HUMEIA's soul.

But now the *rural state* these joys has lost;
 Even swains no more that innocence can boast.

Love speaks no more what beauty may believe,
Prone to betray, and practis'd to deceive.
Now *Happiness* forsakes her blest retreat,
The peaceful dwelling where she fix'd her seat;
The pleasing fields she wont of old to grace,
Companion to an upright sober race,
When on the sunny hill, or verdant plain,
Free and familiar with the sons of men,
To crown the pleasures of the blameless feast,
She, uninvited, came a welcome guest.
Ere yet an age, grown rich in impious arts,
Brib'd from their innocence incautious hearts:
Then grudging hate and sinful pride succeed,
Cruel revenge, and false unrighteous deed;
Then dow'rless beauty lost the pow'r to move;
The rust of lucre stain'd the gold of love.
Bounteous no more, and hospitably good,
The genial hearth first blush'd with strangers blood:
The friend no more upon the friend relies,
And semblant falsehood puts on truth's disguise.
The peaceful household fill'd with dire alarms,
The ravish'd virgin mourns her slighted charms:
The voice of impious mirth is heard around:
In guilt they feast, in guilt the bowl is crown'd:
Unpunish'd Violence lords it o'er the plains,
And *happiness* forsakes the guilty swains.

Oh *happiness* ! from human search retir'd,
Where art thou to be found, by all desir'd ?

Nnn sober and devout ! why art thou fled,
 To hide in shades thy meek contented head?
 Virgin of aspect mild ! ah why, unkind,
 Fly'st thou, displeas'd, the commerce of mankind?
 O ! teach our steps to find the secret cell,
 Where, with thy fire *Content*, thou lov'st to dwell.
 Or say, dost thou a duteous handmaid wait
 Familiar at the chambers of the great?
 Dost thou pursue the voice of them that call
 To noisy revel, and to midnight ball?
 Or the full banquet when we feast our soul,
 Dost thou inspire the mirth, or mix the bowl?
 Or, with th' industrious planter, dost thou talk,
 Conversing freely in an evening walk?
 Say, does the miser e'er thy face behold,
 Watchful and studious of the treasur'd gold?
 Seeks *Knowledge*, not in vain, thy much lov'd pow'r,
 Still musing silent at the morning hour?
 May we thy presence hope in war's alarms,
 In *STAIRS'* wisdom, or in *ERSKINE'S* charms?
 In vain our flatt'ring hopes our steps beguile,
 The flying good eludes the searcher's toil :
 In vain we seek the city or the cell,
 Alone with virtue knows the Pow'r to dwell.
 Nor need mankind despair these joys to know,
 The gift themselves may on themselves bestow.
 Soon, soon we might the precious blessing boast ;
 But many passions must the blessing cost ;

Infernal malice, inly pining hate,
And envy, grieving at another's state.
Revenge no more must in our hearts remain,
Or burning-lust, or avarice of gain.
When these are in the human bosom nurs'd,
Can peace reside in dwellings so accurst?
Unlike, O EGLINTON! thy happy breast,
Calm and serene, enjoys the heav'nly guest;
From the tumultuous rule of passion freed,
Pure in thy thought, and spotless in thy deed.
In virtues rich, in goodness unconfin'd,
Thou shin'st a fair example to thy kind;
Sincere and equal to thy neighbour's name,
How swift to praise, how guiltless to defame?
Bold in thy presence *bashfulness* appears,
And backward *merit* loses all its fears.
Supremely blest by heav'n, heav'n's richest grace
Confer'd is thine, an early blooming race,
Whose pleasing smiles shall guardian wisdom arm,
Divine instruction! taught of thee to charm.
What transports shall they to thy soul impart
(The conscious transports of a parent's heart)
When thou behold'st them of each grace possess,
And sighing youths imploring to be blest!
After thy image form'd, with charms like thine,
Or in the visit or the dance to shine.
Thrice happy! who succeed their mother's praise,
The lovely EGLINTONS of other days.

Mean while pursue the following tender scenes,
And listen to thy native poet's strains;
In ancient garb the home-bred muse appears,
'The garb our muses wore in former years;
As in a glass reflected, here behold
How smiling goodness look'd in days of old.
Nor blush to read where beauty's praise is shown,
Or virtuous love, the likeness of thy own;
While 'midst the various gifts that gracious heaven,
To thee, in whom it is well pleas'd, has given,
Let this, O EGLINTON! delight thee most,
'T' enjoy that *innocence* the world has lost.

W. H.



PATIE and ROGER:

A

PASTORAL.

Inscribed to

JOSIAH BURCHET, Esq;

Secretary of the Admiralty.

THE nipping frosts and driving snaw
Are o'er the hills and far awa;
Bauld *Boreas* sleeps, the *Zephyrs* blaw,
And ilka thing
Sae dainty, youthfu, gay, and bra,
Invites to sing.

4

Then let's begin by creek of day;
Kind muse, skiff to the bent away,
'To try anes mair the landart lay,
With a' thy speed,
Since *Burchet* awns that thou can play
Upon the reed.

8

Anes, anes again, beneath some tree,
Exert thy skill and nat'ral glee,

To him wha has fae courteously,
To weaker sight,
Set these rude sonnets sung by me
In truest light.

In truest light may a' that's fine
In his fair character still shine;
Sma' need he has of fangs like mine,
To beet his name:
For frae the North to Southern line, 16
Wide gangs his fame;

His fame, which ever shall abide,
While hist'ries tell of tyrants pride,
Wha vainly strave upon the tide
T' invade these lands,
Where *Briton's* royal fleet doth ride,
Which still commands.

These doughty actions frae his pen,
Our age, and these to come, shall ken,
How stubborn navies did contend
Upon the waves,

11. *To weaker sight, set these, &c*] Having done me the honour of turning some of my pastoral poems into English justly and elegantly.

21. *Frat his pen*] His valuable Naval History

DEDICATION. 15

How free-born Britons faught like men; 24
Their faes like slaves.

Sae far inscribing, Sir, to you,
This country sang, my fancy flew,
Keen your just merit to pursue;
But ah! I fear,
In giving praises that are due, 28
I grate your ear.

Yet tent a poet's zealous pray'r;
May pow'rs aboon with kindly care
Grant you a lang and muckle skair
Of a' that's good,
Till unto langest life and mair 32
You've healthfu' stood,

May never care your blessings fowr,
And may the muses ilka hour
Improve your mind, and haunt your bow'r:
I'm but a callan;
Yet may I please you, while I'm your 36
Devoted ALLAN.

The PERSONS.

MEN.

Sir William Werthy.

Patie, The Gentle Shepherd, in love with Peggy.

Roger, A rich young Shepherd, in love with Jenny.

*Symon, } Two old shepherds, tenants to Sir William.
Glaud, }*

Bauldy, A bynd, engaged with Neps.

WOMEN.

Peggy, Thought to be Glaud's niece.

Jenny, Glaud's only daughter.

Maufe, An old woman, supposed to be a witch.

Elspa, Symon's wife.

Madge, Glaud's sister.

SCENE, *A shepherd's village and fields, some
few miles from Edinburgh.*

Time of action, *Within twenty hours.*





Act. I.

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THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD:
A
S C O T S
PASTORAL COMEDY.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

*Beneath the south-side of a craigy bield,
Where christal springs their hale some waters yield;
Twa youthfu' shepherds on the gowans lay,
Tenting their flocks ae bonny morn of May.
Poor Roger granes, till hollow echoes ring;
But blyther Patie likes to laugh and sing.*

C

18 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

PATIE and ROGER

PATIE.

SANG I. *The waking of the fauld.*

M^r Peggy is a young thing
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day and sweet as May,
Fair as the day and always gay,
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet weell I like to meet her at
The waking of the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare.
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the leave I'm cauld:
But she gars a' my spirits glow
At waking of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly
Whene'er I whisper love,

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 19

That I look down on a' the town,

That I look down upon a crown.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,

It makes me blayth and bauld;

And naithing gies me sic delight

As waking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae fastly

When on my pipe I play;

By a' the rest it is confest,

By a' the rest that she sings best.

My Peggy sings sae fastly,

And in her sangs are tald,

Wi' innocence, the wale of sense,

At waking of the fauld.

THIS sunny morning, Roger, cheers my blood,
And puts a' nature in a jovial mood.

How hartsome is't to see the rising plants!

To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleasing rants!

How halesome is't to snuff the cawler air,

And a' the sweets it bears, when void of care!

Whatails thee, Roger, then? what gares thee grane?

Tell me the cause of thy ill-season'd pain.

Rog. I'm born, O Patie, to a thrwart fate!
I'm born to strive wi' hardships sad and great.

20 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Tempests may cease to jaw the rowand flood,
Corbies and tods to grien for lambkins blood:
But I, opprest with never-ending grief,
Maun ay despair of lighting on relief.

Pat. The bees shall loathe the flow'r and quit
the hive.

The faughs on boggy ground shall cease to thrive,
Ere scornfu' queans, or los of warldly gear,
Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear.

Rog. Sae might I say; but it's no easy done
By ane whase faul's sae sadly out of tune.
You ha'e fac saft a voice and slid a tongue,
You are the darling of baith auld and young.
If I but ettle at a sang, or speak,
They dit their lugs, syne up their legless cleek;
And jeer me hameward frae the loan or bught,
While I'm confus'd wi' mony a vexing thought.
Yet I am tall, and as well built as thee,
Nor mair unlikely to a las's eye.
For ilka sheep ye ha'e, I'll number ten,
And should, as ane may think, come farer ben.

Pat. But ablins, nibour, ye ha'e not a heart,
And downa eithly wi' your cunzie part.
If that be true, what signifies your gear?
A mind that's scrimpit never wants some care.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 21

Rog. My byar tumbled, nine bra' nout were
smoor'd,

Three elf-shot were; yet I these ills endur'd:
In winter last my cares were very sma',
Tho' scores of wathers perish'd in the sna'.

Pat. Were your bein rooms as thinly stock'd
as mine,

Less ye wad los, and less ye wad repine.
He that has just enough can soundly sleep;
The o'ercome only fashes fowk to keep.

Rog. May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,
That thou may'st thole the pangs of mony a los!
O may'st thou dote on some fair paughty wench,
That ne'er will lowt thy lowan drouth to quench,
Till, bris'd beneath the burden, thou cry dool,
And awn that ane may fret that is nae fool!

Pat. Sax good fat lambs, I fauld them ilka clut
At the West-port, and bought a winsome flute,
Of plum-tree made, wi' iv'ry virls round,
A dainty whistle wi' a pleasant sound;
I'll be mair canty wi't, and ne'er cry dool,
Than you, wi' a' your cash, ye dowie fool.

Rog. Na, Patie, na! I'm nae sic churlish beast,
Some other thing lies heavier at my breast:
I dream'd a dreary dream this hinder night,
That gars my flesh a' creep yet wi' the fright.

Pat. Now, to a friend, how silly's this pretence,
 To ane wha you and a' your secrets kens!
 Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
 Your well-seen love, and dorty Jenny's pride.
 Tak courage, Roger, me your sorrows tell,
 And safely think nane kens them but yoursel.

Rog. Indeed now, Patie, ye ha'e guefs'd o'er true,
 And there is naithing I'll keep up frae you;
 Me dorty Jenny looks upon a-squint,
 To speak but till her I dare hardly mint.
 In ilka place she jeers me air and late,
 And gars me look bombaz'd, and unco blate.
 But yesterday I met her 'yont a know,
 She fled as frae a shelly-coated kow;
 She Bauldy loes, Bauldy that drives the car;
 But gecks at me, and says I smell of tar.

Pat. But Bauldy loes not her, right well I wat;
 He sighs for Neps:—Sae that may stand for that.

Rog. I wish I cou'd na looe her:—but in vain;
 I still maun do't, and thole her proud disdain.
 My Bawty is a cur I dearly like;
 Even while he fawn'd, she strake the poor dum tike:
 If I had fill'd a nook within her breast,
 She wad ha'e shawn mair kindness to my beast.
 When I begin to tune my stock and horn,
 Wi' a' her face she shaws a cauldrie scorn.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 23

Last night I play'd, (ye never heard sic spite)
O'er Bogie was the spring, and her delight;
Yet tauntingly She at her cousin speer'd,
Gif she could tell what tune I play'd, and sneer'd.--
Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care;
I'll break my reed, and never whistle mair.

Pat. E'en do fae, Roger, wha can help misluck,
Saebiens she be sic a thrawn-gabbet chuck?
Yonder's a craig: since ye ha'e tint all houp,
Gae til't your ways, and tak the lover's loup.

Rog. I need na mak sic speed my blood to spill;
I'll warrant death come soon enough a-will.

Pat. Daft gowk! leave aff that silly whingeing
way;

Seem carelefs, there's my hand ye'll win the day.
Hear how I serv'd my las I loe as weel
As ye do Jenny, and wi' heart as leel.
Last morning I was gay and carly out,
Upon a dyke I lean'd, glowring about:
I saw my Meg come linking o'er the lee;
I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw nae me;
For yet the sun was wading through the mist,
And she was close upon me e'er she wist:
Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
Her straight bare legs that whiter were than snaw;

14 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Her cockernony snooded up fu sleek;
 Her haffet locks hang waving on her cheek;
 Her cheeks fae ruddy, and her een fae clear;
 And O! her mouth's like ony hinny-pear.
 Neat, neat she was, in bustine wastecoat clean,
 As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green.
 Blythsome, I cry'd, My bonny Meg, come here;
 I ferly wherefore ye're fae soon asteer:
 But I can guess ye're gawn to gather dew:
 She scowr'd awa, and said, What's that to you?
 Then fare ye weel, Meg-dorts, and e'ens ye like,
 I careless cry'd; and lap in o'er the dyke.
 I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,
 She came wi' a right thieveless errand back;
 Misca'd me first,—then bad me hound my dog
 To wear up three waff ews stray'd on the bog.
 I leugh, and fae did she; then wi' great haste
 I clasp'd my arms about her neck and waste,
 About her yielding waste, and took a fouth
 Of sweetest kisses frae her glowand mouth.
 While hard and fast I held her in my grips,
 My very faul came louping to my lips.
 Sair, fair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka smack;
 But well I kend she meant nae as she spake.
 Dear Roger, when your jo puts on her gloom,
 Do ye fae too, and never fash your thumb.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 25

Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood;
Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wood.

S A N G II. *Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae.*

*Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,
And answer kindness wi' a slight,
Seem unconcern'd at her neglect;
For women in a man delight;
But them despise who're soon defeat,
And wi' a simple face gi' way
To a repulse—Then be not blate;
Push bauldly on, and win the day.
When maidens, innocently young,
Say aften what they never mean,
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
But tent the language o' their een:
If these agree, and she persist
To answer a' your love wi' hate,
Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
And let her sigh when it's too late.*

Rog. Kind Patie, now fair fa' your honest heart,
Ye're ay sae cadgy, and ha'e sic an art
To hearten ane: For now, as clean's a leek,
Ye've cherish'd me, since ye began to speak.

26 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Sae, for your pains, I'll make ye a propine,
 (My mither, rest her faul! she made it fine)
 A tartan plaid, spun of good hawflok woo',
 Scarlet and green the sets, the borders blew,
 Wi' sprangs like goud and filler, cros'd wi' black;
 I never had it yet upon my back.

Weel are ye wordy o't, who ha'e fae kind
 Red up my revel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.

Pat. Well, hald ye there:—and since ye've
 frankly made

A present to me of your braw new plaid,
 My flute's be yours; and she too that's fae nice,
 Shall come a-will, gif ye'll tak my advice.

Rog. As ye advise, I'll promise to observ't;
 But ye maun keep the flute, ye best deserv't.
 Now tak it out and gie's a bonny spring;
 For I'm in tist to hear you play and sing.

Pat. But first we'll tak a turn up to the height,
 And see gif a' our flocks be feeding right;
 By that time bannocks, and a shave of cheese,
 Will make a breakfast that a laird might please;
 Might please the daintiest gabs, were they fae wise
 To season meat wi' health instead of spice.
 When we ha'e ta'en the grace-drink at this well,
 I'll whistle fine, and sing t' ye like mysell.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

*A flowrie Howm between twa verdant braes,
 Where lasses use to wash and spread their claes;
 A trotting burnie whimpling thro' the ground,
 Its channel pebbles shining smooth and round:
 Here view twa barefoot beauties, clean and clear;
 First please your eye, next gratify your ear;
 While JENNY what she wishes discommends,
 And MEG, with better sense, true love defends.*

PEGGY and JENNY.

Jen. **C**OME, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this
 green,

This shining day will bleach our linen clean;
 The water clear, the list unclouded blew,
 Will mak them like a lily wet wi' dew.

Peg. Gae farer up the burn to Habbie's How,
 Where a' the sweets of spring and simmer grow.
 Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin,
 The water fa's and maks a singand din;
 A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glafs,
 Kisses wi' easy whirls the bord'ring grafs:
 We'll end our washing while the morning's cool;
 And when the day grows het, we'll to the pool,

There wash ourfells.—It's healthfu' now in May,
And sweetly cauler on fae warm a day.

Jen. Daft lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye say,
Gif our twa herds come brattling down the brae,
And see us fae? That jeering Fallow Pate
Wad taunting say, Haith, lasses, ye're no blate.

Peg. We're far frae ony road, and out o' sight;
The lads they're feeding far beyont the height.
But tell me now, dear Jenny, (we're our lane)
What gars ye plague your wooer wi' disdain?
The nibours a' tent this as well as I,
That Roger looes ye, yet ye carena by.
What ails ye at him? Troth, between us twa,
He's wordy you the best day e'er ye saw.

Jen. I'dinna like him, Peggy, there's an end;
A herd mair sheepish yet I never kend.
He kaims his hair indeed, and gaes right snug,
Wi' ribbon-knots at his blew bonnet lug,
Whilk pensily he wears a thought a-jee,
And spreads his garters dic'd beneath his knee;
He faulds his o'erlay down his breast wi' care,
And few gangs trigger to the kirk or fair:
For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,
Except, *How d'ye?*—or, *There's a bonny day.*

Peg. Ye dash the lad wi' constant slighting pride;
Hatred for love is unco fair to bide:

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 29

But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld:
 What like's a dorty maiden when she's auld?
 Like dauted wean, that tarrows at its meat,
 That for some fecklefs whim will orp and greet:
 The lave laugh at it, till the dinner's past;
 And syne the fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
 Or scart anither's leavings at the last. }

S A N G III. *Polwart on the green.*

*The dorty will repent,
 If lover's heart grow cauld;
 And nane her smiles will tent,
 Soon as her face looks auld.
 The dauted bairn thus tak's the pet,
 Nor eats, tho' hunger crave;
 Whimpers and tarrows at its meat,
 And's laught at by the lave:
 They jest it till the dinner's past;
 Thus, by itself abus'd,
 The fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
 Or eat what they've refus'd.*

Fy! Jenny, think, and dinna sit your time.

Jen. I never thought a single life a crime.

Peg. Nor I:—but love in whispers let us ken,
 That men were made for us, and we for men.

30 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Jen. If Roger is my jo, he kens himsell,
For sick a tale I never heard him tell.
He glowers and sighs, and I can guess the cause;
But wha's oblig'd to spell his hums and haws?
Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
I'll tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.
They're fools that slav'ry like, and may be free;
The chiefs may a' knit up themselves for me.

Peg. Be doing your wa's; for me, I have a mind
To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.

Jen. Heh, lafs! how can ye loo that rattle-skull?
A very de'il, that ay maun ha'e his will.
We'll soon hear tell what a poor fighting life
You twa will lead, fae soon's ye're man and wife.

S A N G IV. *O dear mither, what shall I do?*

*O dear Peggy, love's beguiling,
We ought not to trust his smiling;
Better far to do as I do,
Lest a harder luck betide you.
Lasses, when their fancy's carried,
Think of nought but to be married:
Running to a life destroys
Hartsome, free, and youthfu' joys.*

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 31

Peg. I'll rin the risk; nor ha'e I ony fear,
But rather think ilk langsome day a year,
Till I wi' pleasure mount my bridal bed,
Where on my Patie's breast I'll lean my head.
There we may kifs as lang as kissing's gude,
And what we do there's nane dare ca' it rude.
He's get his will: Why no'? It's good my part
To gi'e him that, and he'll gi'e me his heart.

Jen. He may indeed, for ten or fifteen days,
Mak meikle o' ye wi' ane unco fraise,
And daut you baith afore fowk and your lane:
But soon as his newfanglenefs is gane,
He'll look upon you as his tether-stake,
And think he's tint his freedom for your sake.
Instead then of lang days of sweet delyte,
Ae day be dumb, and a' the neist he'll flyte;
And may be, in his barlikhoods, ne'er slick
To lend his loving wife a loundering lick.

Peg. Sic coarse-spun thoughts as thae want
pith to move
My settled mind, I'm o'er far gane in love.
Patie to me is dearer than my breath,
But want of him, I dread nae other skaith.
There's nane of a' the herds that tread the green
Has sic a smile, or sic twa glancing een:

32 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

And then he speaks wi' sic a taking art,
His words they thirle like music throw my heart.
How blythly can he sport, and gently rave,
And jest at feckleless fears that fright the lave!
Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,
He reads fell books that teach him meikle skill.
He is——but what need I say that or this?
I'd spend a month to tell ye what he is!
In a' he says or does, there's sic a gate,
The rest seems coofs, compar'd to my dear Pate.
His better sense will lang his love secure:
Ill-nature heffs in fauls that's weak and poor.

Jen. Hey bony las of Branksome! or't be lang,
Your witty Pate will put you in a sang.
O! it's a pleasant thing to be a bride;
Syne whingeing getts about your ingle-side,
Yelping for this or that wi' fasheous din:
To mak them brats then ye maun toil and spin.
Ae wean fa's sick, ane scads itsell wi' broe,
Ane breaks his shin, anither tines his shoe;
The deel gaes our Jock Wabster, hame grows hell,
When Pate misca's ye war than tongue can tell.

P E G G Y.

SANG V. *How can I be sad on my wedding-day?*

*How shall I be sad when a husband I hae,
That has better sense than any of thae
Sour weak silly fallows, that study, like fools,
To sink their ain joy, and mak their wives snools.
The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
Or wi' dull reproaches encourages strife;
He praises her virtues, and ne'er will abuse
Her for a small failing, but find an excuse.*

Yes, it's a hartsome thing to be a wife,
When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rise.
Gif I'm fae happy, I shall ha'e delight
To hear their little complaints, and keep them right.
Wow! Jenny, can there greater pleasure be,
Than see sic wee tots toolying at your knee;
When a' they ettle at,——their greatest wish,
Is to be made of, and obtain a kiss?
Can there be toil in tenting day and night
The like of them, when love maks care delight?

Jen. But poortith, Peggy, is the warst of a':
Gif o'er your heads ill chance should begg'ry draw,

26 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD

But little love or canty chear can come
 Frae duddy doublets and a pantry toom.
 Your nowt may die;—the spate may bear away
 Frae aff the howms your dainty rocks of hay.—
 The thick blawn wreaths of snaw, or blasby thows,
 May smoor your wathers, and may rot your ews.
 A dyvour buys your butter, woo, and cheese,
 But, or the day of payment, breaks, and flees:
 Wi' glooman brow the laird seeks in his rent;
 It's not to gie; your merchant's to the bent:
 His honour mauna want, he poinds your gear:
 Syne, driv'n frae house and hauld, where will ye
 steer?

Dear Meg, be wise, and live a single life;
 Troth it's nae mows to be a married wife.

Peg. May sic ill luck befa' that silly she
 Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.
 Let fowk bode well, and strive to do their best;
 Nae mair's requir'd; let heav'n make out the rest.
 I've heard my honest uncle aften say,
 That lads shou'd a' for wives that's virtuous pray:
 For the maist thrifty man could never get
 A weel-stor'd room, unless his wife wad let.
 Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part,
 To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart.

Whate'er he wins, I'll guide wi' canny care,
 And win the vogue at market, trone, or fair,
 For halefome, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware. }
 A flock of lambs, cheefe, butter, and some woo,
 Shall first be fald, to pay the laird his due;
 Syne a' behind's our ain.—Thus, without fear,
 Wi' love and rowth we thro' the warld will steer:
 And when my Pate in bairns and gear grows rife,
 He'll blefs the day he gat me for his wife.

Jen. But what if some young giglet on the green,
 Wi' dimpled cheeks, and twa bewitching een,
 Shou'd gar your Patie think his half-worn Meg,
 And her kend kisses, hardly worth a feg?

Peg. Nae mair of that—Dear Jenny, to be free,
 There's some men constanter in love than we.
 Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
 Has blest them wi' solidity of mind.
 They'll reafon calmly, and wi' kindness smile,
 When our short passions wad our peace beguile.
 Sae whenfoe'er they slight their maiks at hame,
 It's ten to ane the wives are maist to blame.
 Then I'll employ wi' pleasure a' my art
 To keep him chearfus, and secure his heart.
 At ev'n, when he comes weary frae the hill,
 I'll ha'e a' things made ready to his will.

28 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

In winter, when he toils thro' wind and rain,
 A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearth-stane:
 And soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
 The seething pat's be ready to tak aff:
 Clean hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his board,
 And serve him wi' the best we can afford.
 Good-humour, and white bigonets, shall be
 Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

Jen. A dish of married love right soon grows
 cauld,

And dozens down to nane as fowk grow auld.

Peg. But we'll grow auld together, and ne'er find
 The loss of youth, when love grows on the mind.
 Bairns and their bairns mak sure a firmer tye
 Then ought in love the like of us can spy.
 See yon twa elms that grow up side by side;
 Suppose them, some years syne, bridegroom and
 bride;

Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,
 Till wide their spreading branches are increast,
 And in their mixture now are fully blest. }
 This shields the other frae the eastlen blast,
 That in return defends it frae the wast.
 Sic as stand single,—(a state sae lik'd by you!)
 Beneath ilk storm, frae every airth, maun bow.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 29

Jen. I've done—I yield, dear lassie, I maun
yield;

Your better sence has fairly wun the field,
With the assistance of a little fae,
Lyes darn'd within my breast this mony a day.

SANG VI. *Nansy's to the green-wood gane.*

*I yield, dear lassie, you have won;
And there is nae denying,
That sure as light flows frae the sun,
Frae love proceeds complying.
For a' that we can do or say
'Gainst love, nae thinker heeds us:
They ken our bosoms lodge the fae
That by the heart-strings leads us.*

Peg. Alake! poor pris'ner!—Jenny, that's no
fair,

That ye'll no let the wee thing tak the air:
Haste, let him out; we'll tent as weel's we can,
Gif he be Bauldy's or poor Roger's man.

Jen. Anither time's as good;—for see the sun
Is right far up, and we're no yet begun
To freath the graith;—if canker'd Madge our aunt
Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant.

30 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my mind;
For this seems true,—nae lafs can be unkind.

Exeunt.

End of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

*A snug thack-house, before the door a green:
Hens on the midding, ducks in dubs are seen.
On this side stands a barn, on that a byre:
A peet-stack joins, and forms a rural square.
The house is Glaud's:—there you may see him lean,
And to his divot seat invite his frien'.*

GLAUD and SYMON.

GLAUD.

Good-morrow, nibour Symon;—come sit down,
And gie's your cracks.—What's a' the
news in town?

They tell me ye was in the ither day,
And fald your crummock and her bassen'd quey.



Fig. 1.



Act . II .



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THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 31

I'll warrant ye've coft a pund of cut and dry;
Lug out your box, and gie's a pipe to try.

Sym. Wi' a' my heart;—and tent me now, auld
boy,

I've gather'd news will kittle your mind wi' joy.
I cou'dna rest till I came o'er the burn,
To tell ye things ha'e taken sik a turn,
Will gar our vile oppressors stand like fleas,
And skulk in hidlings on the hether braes,

Gla. Fy, blaw! ah, Symie, ratling chieks ne'er
stand

To cleck and spread the grossest lies aff-hand,
Whilk soon flies round, like will-fire, far and near:
But loose your poke, be't true or false let's hear.

Sym. Seeing's believing, Glaud; and I ha'e seen
Hab, that abroad has with our master been;
Our brave good master, wha right wisely fled,
And left a fair estate, to save his head:
Because ye ken fou well he bravely chose
To stand his liege's friend wi' great Montrose.
Now Cromwell's gane to Nick; and ane ea'd Monk
Has play'd the Rump a right flee begunk,
Restor'd King CHARLES, and ilka thing's in tune;
And Habby says, we'll see Sir William soon.

SANG VII. *Cauld kail in Aberdeen.*

*Could be the rebels cast,
 Oppressors base and bloody;
 I hope we'll see them at the last
 Strung a' up in a woody.
 Blest be he of worth and sense,
 And ever high in station,
 That bravely stands in the defence
 Of conscience, king, and nation.*

Gla. that maks me blyth indeed!--But dinna flaw;
 Tell o'er your news again, and swear til't a':
 And saw ye Hab! And what did Halbert say!
 They ha'e been e'en a dreary time away.
 Now God be thanked that our laird's come hame;
 And his estate, say, can he eithly claim?

Sym. They that hag-raid us till our guts did
 grane,
 Like greedy bairs, dare nae mair do't again; }
 And good Sir William shall enjoy his ain.

Gla. And may he lang; for never did he stent
 Us in our thriving, w'i a racket rent:
 Nor grumbl'd, if ane grew rich; or shor'd to raise
 Our mailens when we pat on funday's claiths.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 33

Sym. Nor wad he lang, with senseless faucy air,
Allow our lyart noddles to be bare.

“ Put on your bonnet, Symon;—tak a seat.—

“ How’s a’ at hame?—How’s Elspa? how does
Kate?

“ How sells black cattle?—what gie’s woo this
year?—

And sic-like kindly questions wad he speer.

SANG VIII. *Mucking of Geordy’s byre.*

The laird wha in riches and honour

Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,

Nor rack his poor tenants wha labour

To rise aboon poverty;

Else like the pack-horse that’s unfother’d,

And burden’d, will tumble down faint:

Thus virtue by hardship is smother’d,

And rackers aft tine their rent.

Gla Then wad he gar his butler bring bedeen

The nappy bottle ben, and glasses clean,

Whilk in our breast rais’d sic a blythsome flame,

As gart me mony a time gae dancing hame.

My heart’s e’en rais’d! Dear nibour, will ye stay,

And tak your dinner here wi’ me the day?

34 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

We'll send for Elspa too——and upo' sight,
 I'll whistle Pate and Roger frae the hight:
 I'll yoke my sled, and send to the neist town,
 And bring a draught of ale baith stout and brown,
 And gar our cottars a', man, wife, and wean,
 Drink till they tine the gate to stand their lane.

Sym. I wadna bauk my friend his blyth design,
 Gif that it hadna first of a' been mine:
 For heer-yestreen I brew'd a bow of maut,
 Yestreen I slew twa wathers, prime and fat;
 A firlof of good cakes my Elspa beuk,
 And a large ham hings reesting i' the nook:
 I saw my sell or I came o'er the loan,
 Our meikle pat that scads the whey put on,
 A mutton-bouk to boil:—and ane we'll roast;
 And on the haggies Elspa spares nae cost;
 Sma' are they shorn, and she can mix fu' nice
 The gusty ingans wi' a curn of spice;
 Fat are the puddings,—heads and feet weel fung-
 And we've invited nibours auld and young,
 To pass this afternoon wi' glee and game,
 And drink our master's health and welcome-hame.
 Ye mauna then refuse to join the rest,
 Since ye're my nearest friend that I like best.
 Bring wi' ye a' your family; and then,
 Whene'er you please, I'll rant wi' you again.

Gla. Spoke like ye'rsell, auld-birky; never fear
But at your banquet I shall first appear.
Faith we shall bend the bicker, and look bauld,
Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld.
Auld, said I! troth I'm younger be a score,
Wi' your good news, than what I was before,
I'll dance or e'en! Hey, Madge! come forth: d'ye
hear?

Enter MADGE.

Mad The man's gane gyte! Dear Symon, welcome here.

What wad ye, Glaud, wi' a' this haste and din?
Ye never let a body sit to spin.

Gla. Spin! snuff—Gae break your wheel, and
burn your tow,

And set the meiklest peck-stack in a low;
Syne dance about the bane-fire till ye dee,
Since now again we'll soon Sir William see.

Mad. Blyth news indeed! And wha was't tald
you o't!

Gla. What's that to you?—Gae get my Sunday's coat;

Wale out the whitest of my bobbit bands,
My white-skin hose, and mittons for my hands;

36 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Then frae their washin' cry the bairns in haste,
And mak ye'rsells as trig, head, feet, and waste,
As ye were a' to get young lads or e'en;
For we're gaun o'er to dine wi' Sym bedeen.

Sym. Do, honest Madge:—and Glaud, I'll o'er
the gate,
And see that a' be done as I wad hae't.

Exeunt

S C E N E II.

*The open field.—A cottage in a glen,
An auld wife spinning at the sunny end.—
At a small distance, by a blasted tree,
With faulded arms, and haff-rais'd looks, ye see.*

B A U L D T his lane.

WHAT's this! I canna bear't! its war than
hell,

To be fae brunt wi' love, yet darna tell!
O Peggy, sweeter than the dawning day,
Sweeter than gowany glens, or new-mawn hay;
Blyther than lambs that frisk out-o'er the knows,
Straighter than ought that in the forest grows:
Her een the clearest blob of dew outshines;
The lily in her breast its beauty tines.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 37

Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her een,
 Will be my dead, that will be shortly seen!
 For Pate looes her,—wae's me! and she looes Pate;
 And I wi' Neps, by some unlucky fate,
 Made a daft vow:—O but ane be a beast
 That maks rash aiths till he's afore the priest!
 I darna speak my mind, else a' the three,
 But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy.
 Its fair to thole;—I'll try some witchcraft art,
 To break wi' ane, and win the other's heart.
 Here Maufy lives; a witch, that for sma' price
 Can cast her cantrips, and gi' me advice.
 She can o'ercaft the night, and cloud the moon,
 And mak the deils obedient to her crune.
 At midnight hours, o'er the kirk-yards she raves,
 And howks unchristen'd weans out of their graves;
 Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow,
 Rins withershins about the hemlock low;
 And seven times does her prayers backward pray,
 Till Plotcock comes wi' lumps of Lapland clay,
 Mixt wi' the venom of black taid and snakes:
 Of this unsonfy pictures aft she makes
 Of ony ane she hates,—and gars expire
 Wi' slaw and racking pains afore a fire:
 Stuck fu' of prins, the devilish pictures melt;
 The pain, by fowk they represent, is felt.

38 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

And yonder's Maufe; ay, ay, she kens fu' weel,
When ane like me comes running to the de'il.
She and her cat sit beeking in her yard;
To speak my errand, faith amais! I'm fear'd:
But I maun do't, though I shou'd never thrive;
They gallop fast that de'ils and lasses drive.

Exit.

SCENE III.

*A green kail-yard; a little fount,
Where water popland springs:
There sits a wife with wrinkl'd front,
And yet she spins and sings.*

MAUSE.

SANG IX. *Carle, an' the king come,*

*Peggy, now the king's come,
Peggy, now the king's come;
Thou may dance, and I shall sing,
Peggy, since the king's come.
Nae mair the harokies shalt thou milk,
But change thy plaiding-coat for silk,
And be a lady of that ilk,
Now, Peggy, since the king's come.*

Enter BAULDY.

Baul. **H**OW does auld honest lucky of the
glen?

Ye look baith hale and fere at threescore ten.

Mau. E'en twining out a threed wi' little din,
And beeking my cauld limbs afore the sun.
What brings my bairn this gate sae air at morn?
Is there nae muck to lead?—to thresh nae corn?

Baul. Enough of baith:—but something that
requires

Your helping hand, employs now a' my cares.

Mau. My helping hand! alake, what can I do,
That underneath baith eild and poortith bow?

Baul. Ay, but ye're wise, and wiser far than we,
Or maist part of the parish tells a lie.

Mau. of what kind wisdom think ye I'm posselt,
That lifts my character-aboon the rest?

Baul. The word that gangs, how ye're sae wise
and fell,

Ye'll may be tak it ill gif I shou'd tell.

Mau. What fowk say of me, Bauldy, let me hear;
Keep naething up, ye naething ha'e to fear.

Baul. Weel, since ye bid me, I shall tell ye a'
That ilk ane talks about ye, but a flaw.

40 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

When last the wind made Glaud a roofless barn;
 When last the burn bore down my mither's yarn;
 When Brawny elf-shot never mair came hame;
 When Tibby kirk'd, and there nae butter came;
 When Bessy Freetock's chuffy-cheeked wean
 To a fairy turn'd, and cou'd na stand its lane;
 When Watie wander'd ae night thro' the shaw,
 And tint himsell amang the snaw;
 When Mungo's mare stood still, and swat wi' fright,
 When he brought east the howdy under night;
 When Bawfy shot to dead upon the green,
 And Sara tint a snood was nae mair seen:
 You, Lucky, gat the wyte of a' fell out,
 And ilk ane here dreads ye a' round about:
 And sae they may that mint to do ye skaith;
 For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith:
 But when I neist mak grots, I'll strive to please
 You wi' a furlot of them, mixt wi' pease.

Mau. I thank ye, lad.—Now tell me your demand,

And, if I can, I'll lend my helping hand.

Baul. Then I like Peggy.—Neps is fond of me.—

Peggy likes Pate;—and Pate is bauld and slee,
 And looes sweet Meg.—But Neps I downa }
 see.—

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 41

Cou'd ye turn Patie's love to Neps, and then
Peggy's to me,—I'd be the happiest man.

Mau. I'll try my art to gar the bowls row right;
Sae gang your ways, and come again at night:
'Gainst that time I'll some simple things prepare,
Worth a' your pease and grots; tak ye nae care.

Baul. Well, Maufe, I'll come, gif I the road
can find:

But if ye raise the de'il, he'll raise the wind;
Syne rain and thunder, may be, when it's late,
Will mak the night sae mirk, I'l tine the gate.
We're a' to rant in Symie's at a feast,
O! will ye come like Badrans, for a jest;
And there ye can our different 'haviours spy;
There's nane shall ken o't there but you and I.

Mau. It's like I may;—but let na on what's past
'Tween you and me, else fear a kittle cast.

Baul. If I ought o' your secrets e'er advance,
May ye ride on me ilka night to France.

Exit Bauldy.

MAUSE her lane.

Hard luck, alake; when poverty and cild,
Weeds out of fashion, and a lanely beild,

Wi' a sma' cast of wiles, should in a twitch,
Gi' ane the hatefu' name, *A wrinkled witch*.
This fool imagines, as do mony sic,
That I'm a wretch in compact wi' Auld Nic;
Because by education I was taught
To speak and act aboon their common thought.
Their gross mistake shall quickly now appear;
Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me
here;

Nane kens but me;—and, if the morn were come
I'll tell them tales will gar them a' fing dumb.

Exit.

S C E N E IV.

*Behind a tree, upon the plain,
PATE and his PEGGY meet;
In love, without a vicious stain,
The bonny lass and chearfu' swain
Change vows and kisses sweet.*

P A T I E and *P E G G Y*.

Peg. **O** Patie, let me gang. I mauna stay,
We're baith cry'd hame, and Jenny
she's away.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 43

Pat. I'm laith to part fae soon; now we're alane,
And Roger he's awa wi' Jenny gane:
They're as content, for ought I hear or see,
To be alane themselves, I judge, as we.
Here, where Primroses thickest paint the green,
Hard by this little burnie let us lean.

Hark how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads!
How fast the westlin winds fough thro' the reeds;

Peg. The scented meadows,—birds,—and healthy breeze,

For ought I ken, may mair than Peggy please.

Pat. Ye wrang me fair, to doubt my being kind!
In speaking fae, ye ca' me dull and blind;
Gif I could fancy ought fae sweet or fair
As my dear Meg, or worthy of my care.
Thy breath is sweeter than the sweetest brier;
Thy cheek and breast the finest flow'rs appear.
Thy words excel the maist delightfu' notes
That warble thro' the merl or mavis' throats.
Wi' thee I tent nae flow'rs that busk the field,
Or ripest berries that our mountains yield.
The sweetest fruits that hing upon the tree,
Are far inferior to a kifs of thee.

Peg. But Patrick, for some wicked end, may
fleece,
And lambs shou'd tremble when the foxes preach.

44 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

I darna stay;—ye joker, let me gang;
 Anither lass may gar ye change your sang;
 Your thoughts may flit, and I may thole the }
 wrang.

Pat. Sooner a mother shall her fondness drap,
 And wrang the bairn sits smiling on her lap;
 The sun shall change, the moon to change shall
 cease,

The gaits to clim,—the sheep to yield the fleece,
 Ere ought by me be either said or done,
 Shall skaith our love;—I swear by a' aboon.

Peg. Then keep your aith:—But mony lads
 will swear,

And be mansworn to twa in half a year.

Now I believe ye like me wonder weel;

But if a fairer face your heart shou'd steal,

Your Meg, forsaken, bootless might relate

How she was dauted anes by faithless Pate.

Pat. I'm sure I canna change; ye needna fear;

Tho' we're but young, I've loo'd you mony a year.

I mind it weel, when thou cou'dst hardly gang,

Or lisp out words, I choos'd you frae the thrang

Of a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand,

Aft to the Tanfy-know, or rashy-strand,

Thou smiling by my side:—I took delite

To pu' the rashes green, wi' roots sae white;

D. THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 45

}
e }
Of which, as well as my young fancy cou'd,
For thee I plet a flow'ry belt and snood.

Peg. When first thou gade wi' shepherds to the
hill,

ap,
all
And I to milk the ews first try'd my skill;
To bear a leglen was nae toil to me,
When at the bught at e'en I met with thee.

ce,
Pat. When corns grew yellow, and the hether-
bells

da
Bloom'd bonny on the moor and rising fells,
Nae birns, or briers, or whins, e'er troubled me,
Gif I cou'd find blae-berries ripe for thee.

Peg. When thou didst wrestle, run, or putt the
stane,

And wan the Day, my heart was flight'ring fain:
At a' thae sports thou still gave joy to me;
For nane can wrestle, run, or putt with thee.

Pat. Jenny sings fast the *Broom of Corwenknows*,
And Rosie lilt the *Milking of the ewes*;
There's nane like Nanfy, *Jenny nettles* sings;
At turns in *Maggy Lauder*, *Marrion dings*:
But when my Peggy sings, wi' sweeter skill,
The *Boat-man*, or the *Lass of Patie's Mill*,
It is a thousand times mair sweet to me;
Tho' they sing weel, they canna sing like thee.

46 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Peg. How eith can lasses trow what they desire!
 Aud roos'd by them we love, blaws up that fire:
 But wha loves best, let time and carriage try;
 Be constant, and my love shall time defy.
 Be still as now; and a' my care shall be,
 How to contrive what pleafant is for thee.

*The foregoing, with a small variation, was sung at
 the acting as follows.*

SANG X. *The Yellow-hair'd ladie.*

*When first my dear ladie gade to the green hill,
 And I at ew-milking first sey'd my young skill,
 To hear the milk-bowie nae pain was to me,
 When I at the bughting forgather'd wi' thee.*

PATIE.

*When corn-rigs wav'd yellow, and blue hether-bells
 Bloom'd bonny on moorland, and sweet rising fells,
 Nae birns, briers, or breckens, gave trouble to me,
 If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.*

PEGGY.

*When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,
 And came aff the victor, my heart was ay faine:*

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 47

*Thy ilka sport manly gave pleasure to me;
For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift, as thee.*

PATIE.

*Our Jenny sings safsly the Cowden-broom-knows,
And Roscy liltis sweetly the milking the ews;
Thère's few Jenny Nettles like Nanfy can sing;
At Thro'-the-wood-ladie, Bess gars our lugs ring:
But when my dear Peggy sings wi better skill,
The Boat-man, Tweed-side, or the Lafs of the mill,
It's many times sweeter and pleasant to me;
For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.*

PEGGY.

*How easy can lasses throw what they desire!
And praises sae kindly increases love's fire:
Gi'e me still this pleasure, my study shall be,
To make mysell better and sweeter for thee.*

*Pat. Wert thou a giglet gawky like the lave,
That little better than our bowt behave;
At naught they'll ferly,——senseless tales believe;
Be blyth for silly heghts, for trifles grieve:——
Sic ne'er cou'd win my heart, that kenna how
Either to keep a prize or yet prove true,*

48 THE GENTEL SHEPHERD.

But thou, in better sense, without a flaw,
As in thy beauty, far excels them a':
Continue kind ; and a' my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.

Peg. Agreed.—But harken! yon's auld aun-
ty's cry ;

I ken they'll wonder what can make us stay.

Pat. And let them ferly.—Now, a kindly kifs,
Or fivescore good anes wad na be amifs;
And syne we'll sing the sang wi' tunefu' glee,
That I made up last owk on you and me.

Peg Sing first, fine claim your hire.

Pat. ————— Well, I agree.

S A N G X I.

P A T I E sings.

*By the delicious warmth of thy mouth,
And rowing eyes that smiling tell the truth,
I guess, my lassie, that, as well as I,
You're made for love; and why should you deny?*

P E G G Y sings.

*But ken ye, lad, gin we confess o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done:*

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 49

*The maiden that o'er quickly tines her pow'r,
Like unripe fruit, will taste but hard and sour.*

PATIE sings.

*Bnt gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their sweetness they may tine; and sae may ye.
Red-cheeked you completely ripe appear,
And I ha'e t'bol'd and woo'd a lang haff-year.*

PEGGIE singing, falls into Patie's arms.

*Then dinna pu' me; gently thus I sa'
Into my Patie's arms, for good and a'.
But flint your wishes to this kind embrace,
And mint nae farrer till we've got the grace.*

PATIE. (with his left hand about her waist.)

*O charming armsfu'! hence, ye cares, away!
I'll kiss my treasure a' the live-lang day;
A' night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.*

Sung by both.

*Sun, gallop down the westlin skies,
Gang soon to bed, and quickly rise;*

H

*O lash your steeds, post time away,
And haste about our bridal day!
And if ye're wearied, honest light,
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.*

End of the SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE I

*Now turn your eyes beyond yon spreading lime,
And tent a man whose beard seems bleach'd wi' time;
An elv and fills his hand, his habit mean;
Nae doubt ye'll think he has a pedlar been.
Bnt whisht! it is the knight in mascurad,
That comes hid in this cloud to see his lad.
Observe how pleas'd the loyal sufferer moves
Thro' his auld aw'news, anes delightfu' grove.*

Sir WILLIAM solus.

THE gentleman thus hid in low disguise,
I'll for a space unknown delight mine eyes
With a full view of every fertile plain,
Which once I lost, which now are mine again.



Act. III.



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THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 51

Yct, 'midst my joys, prospects pain renew,
 Whilst I my once fair feat in ruins view.
 Yonder, ah me! it desolately stands,
 Without a roof; the gates fallen from their bands;
 The casements all broke down; no chimney left;
 The naked walls of tap'stry all bereft:
 My stables and pavilions, broken walls,
 That with each rainy blast decaying falls:
 My gardens, once adorn'd the most complete,
 With all that nature, all that art makes sweet;
 Where, round the figur'd green the pebble walks,
 The dewy flowr's hung nodding on their stalks:
 But, overgrown with nettles, docks, and brier,
 No Jaccacincths or eglintines appear.
 How do those ample walls to ruin yeild,
 Where peach and nest'rine branches found a beild,
 And bask'd in rays, which early did produce
 Fruit fair to view, delightful in the use!
 All round in gaps, the most in rubbish ly,
 And from what stands the wither'd branches fly.
 These soon shall be repair'd;—and now my joy
 Forbids all grief,—when I'm to see my boy,
 My only prop, and object of my care,
 Since heav'n too soon call'd home his mother fair:
 Him, ere the rays of reason clear'd his thought,
 I secretly to faithful Symon brought,

52 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

And charg'd him strictly to conceal his birth
Till we should see what changing times brought
forth.

Hid from himself, he starts up by the dawn,
And ranges careless o'er the height and lawn,
After his fleecy charge, serenely gay,
With other shepherds, whistling o'er the day.
Thrice happy life, that's from ambition free!
Remov'd from crowns and courts, how cheerfully
A quiet contented mortal spends his time,
In hearty health, his soul unstain'd with crimes!

Or sung as follows.

S A N G X I I. *Happy Clown.*

*Hid from himself, now by the dawn
He starts as fresh as roses blown;
And ranges o'er the heights and lawn
After his-bleating flocks.
Healthful, and innocently gay,
He chants and whistles out the day;
Untaught to smile, and then betray,
Like courtly weathercocks.
Life happy, from ambition free,
Envy, and vile hypocrisy,*

*Where truth and love with joys agree,
Unfullied with a crime:
Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,
In propping of their pride and state;
He lives, and unafraid of fate,
Contented spends his time.*

Now tow'rds good Symon's house I'll bend my
way,
And see what makes yon gamboling to-day;
All on the green, in a fair wanton ring,
My youthful tenants gayly dance and sing.

Exit.

S C E N E II.

*It's Symon's house, please to step in,
And vissy't round and round;
There's nought superfluous to give pain,
Or cosily to be found.
Yet all is clean: a clear peat-ingle
Glances amidst the floor;
The green-horn spoons, beech-luggies mingle
On skelfs foregainst the door.
While the young brood sport on the green,
The auld anes think it best,*

54 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD:

*Wi' the brown cow to clear their een,
Snuff, crack, and tak their rest.*

SYMON, GLAUD, and ELSPA.

Gla. **W**E anes were young ourfells.--I like to
see

The bairns bob round wi' other merrilie.
Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a strapan lad.
And better looks than his I never bade.
Amang the lads he bears the gree awa',
And tells his tale the cleverest of them a'.

Elsp. Poor man! he's a great comfort to us baith :
God mak him good, and hide him ay frae skaith.
He is a bairn I'll say't well worth our care,
That ga'e us ne'er vexation late or air.

Gla. I trow, goodwife, if I be not mista'en,
He seems to be wi' Peggy's beauty ta'en.
And troth my niece is a right dainty wean,
As ye weel ken : a bonnier needna be,
Nor better,—be't she were nae kin to me.

Sym. Ha! Glaud, I doubt that will ne'er be a
match :

My Patie's wild, and will be ill to catch;
And or he were, for reasons I'll no tell,
I'd rather be mixt wi' the mools myfell.

Gla. What reason can ye have? there's nane, I'm sure,

Unless ye may cast up that she's but poor:
But gif the lassie marry to my mind,
I'll be to her as my ain Jenny kind.
Fourscore of breeding ews of my ain birn,
Tive ky that at ae milking fills a kirn,
I'll gi'e to Peggy that day she's a bride;
By and attour, gif my good luck abide,
Ten lambs at spaining-time, as lang's I live,
And twa quey cawfs I'll early to them give.

Elsp. Ye offer fair, kind Glaud; but dinna speir
What may be is not fit ye yet shou'd hear.

Sym. Or this day aught days likely he shall learn,
That our denial disna slight his bairn.

Gla. Weel, nae mair o't;—come, gi'es the
other bend;

We'll drink their healths, whatever way it end.

Their healths gae round.

Sym. But will ye tell me, Glaud, by some it's
said,

Your nice is but a foundling, that was laid
Down at your hallon-side, ae morn in May,
Right clean row'd up, and beded on dry hay?

56 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Gla. That clatteran Madge, my titty, tells sic
flaws,

Whene'er our Meg her canker'd humour gaws.

Enter J E N N Y.

Jen. O father! there's an auld man on the green,
The fellest fortune-teller e'er was seen:
He tents our loofs, and syne whops out a book,
Turns o'er the leaves, and gi'es our brows a look;
Synne tells the oddest tales that e'er ye heard.
His head is grey, and lang and grey his beard.

Sym. Gae bring him in; we'll hear what he can
say:

Nane shall gang hungry by my houle to-day.

Exit Jenny.

But for his telling fortunes, troth I fear
He kens nae mair of that than my grey-mear.

Gla. Spae-men! the truth of a' their saws I
doubt;

For greater liars never ran thereout.

*Returns Jenny, bringing in Sir William;
with them Patie.*

Sym. Ye're welcome, honest carle; here tak a seat.

S. Wil. I give ye thanks, goodman; I'll be
blate.

Glaud drinks.

Come t'ye, friend:—How far came ye the day?

S. Wil. I pledge ye, nibour;--e'en but little way:
Rousted wi' eild, a wee piece gate seems lang;
'Twa mile or three's the maist that I dow gang.

Sym. Ye're welcome here to slay a' night wi' me,
And tak sic bed and board as we can gi'e.

S. Wil. That's kind unfought.—Well, gin ye
ha'e a bairn
That ye like well, and wad his fortune learn,
I shall employ the farthest of my skill
To spae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

Symon pointing to Patie.

Only that lad;—alake! I ha'e nae mae.
Either to mak me joyfu' now, or wae.

S. Wil. Young man, lets see your hand;—what
gars ye sneer?

Pat. Because your skill's but little worth I fear.

S. Wil. Ye cut before the point.—But, billy,
bide,
I'll wadger there's a mouse-mark on your side.

58 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Elf. Betouch-us-too?—and weel I wat that's
true;

Awa, awa! the deil's our grit wi' you.
Four inch aneath his oxter is the mark,
Scarce ever seen since he first wore a fark.

S, Wil. I'll tell ye mair; if this young lad be
spar'd

But a short while, he'll be a braw rich laird.

Elf. A laird!—Hear ye, goodman! what think
ye now?

Sym. I dinna ken: strange auld man, what art
thou?

Fair fa' your heart; it's good to bode of wealth:
Come, turn the timmer to laird Patie's health,

Patie's health goes round.

Pat. A laird of twa good whistles, and a kent,
Twa curs, my trusty tenants, on the bent,
Is a' my great estate—and like to be:
Sae, cunning earle, ne'er break your jokes on me.

Sym. Whisht, Patie,—let the man look o'er
your hand;

Aft-times as broken a ship has come to land.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 59

Sir William looks a little at Patie's hand, then counterfeits falling into a trance, while they endeavour to lay him right.

Elf. Preserve's! the man's a warlock, or posselt
Wi' some nae good,—or second sight, at least:
Where is he now?——

Gla.———He's seeing a' that's done
In ilka place, beneath or yont the moon.

Elf. Thae second-sighted fowk (His peace be
here;)

See things far aff, and things to come, as clear
As I can see my thumb.—Wow, can he tell
(Spear at him, soon as he comes to himself)

How soon we'll see Sir William? Whisht, he
heaves,

And speaks out broken words, like ane that raves,

Sym. He'll soon grow better;—Elspa, haste ye,
gae

And fill him up a tofs of usquebae.

Sir WILLIAM starts up, and speaks.

A knight that for a LYON fought

Against a herd of bears,

Was to lang toil and trouble brought,

In which some thousands shares.

60 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

*But now again the LYON rares,
And joy spreads o'er the plain:
The LYON has defeat the bears,
The knight returns again.
That knight, in a few days, shall bring
A shepherd frae the fauld,
And shall present him to his king,
A subject true and bald.
He Mr PATRICK shall be call'd:
All you that hear me now,
May weel believe what I have tald,
For it shall happen true.*

Sym. Friend, may your spacing happen soon and weel;
But, faith, I'm red you've bargain'd wi' the de'il,
To tell some tales that fowks wad secret keep:
Or do ye get them tald ye in your sleep?

S. Wil. Howe'er I get them, never fash your beard;
Nor come I to redd fortunes for reward;
But I'll lay ten to ane wi' ony here,
That all I prophesy shall soon appear.

Sym. You prophesying fowks are odd kind men!
They're here that ken, and here that disna ken,

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 61

The whimpled meaning of your unco tale,
Whilk soon will mak a noise o'er moor and dale.

Gla. It's nae sma' sport to hear how Sym be-
lieves,

And taks't for gospel what the spae-man gives
Of flawing fortunes, whilk he evens to Pate:
But what we wish, we trow at ony rate.

S. Wil. Whisht, doubtfu' carle; for ere the sun
Has driven twice down to the sea,
What I have said ye shall see done
In part, or nae mair credit me.

Clr. Weel, be't fae, friend, I shall say naithing
mair;

But I've twa sonfy lasses young and fair,
Plump ripe for men: I wish you cou'd foresee
Sic fortunes for them might prove joy to me.

S. Will Nae mair thro' secrets I can sift,
Till darkness black the bent:

I have but anes a day that gift;
Sae rest a while content.

Sym Elspa, cast on the claith, fetch butt some
meat,

And of your best gar this auld stranger eat.

S. Wil. Delay a while your hospitable care;
I'd rather enjoy this ev'ning calm and fair,

62 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Around yon ruin'd tow'r to fetch a walk,
With you, kind friend, to have some private talk.

Sym. Soon as you please I'll answer your desire:--
And, Glaud, you'll tak your pipe beside the fire;
We'll but gae round the place, and soon be back,
Syn'e sup together, and tak our pint, and crack.

Gla. I'll out'a while, and see the young anes play.
My heart's still light, albeit my locks be gray.

Exeunt.

SCENE III.

*JENNY pretends an errand hame;
Young ROGER draps the rest,
To whisper out his melting flame,
And throw his lassie's breast.*

*Behind a bush, weel hid frae sight, they meet:
See, JENNY's laughing; ROGER's like to greet.
Poor Shepherd!*

ROGER and JENNY.

Rog. **D**EAR Jenny, I wad speak t'ye, wad ye
let;
And yet I ergh ye're ay sae scornfu' set.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 63

Jen. And what wad Roger say, if he cou'd
speak?

Am I oblig'd to guess what ye're to seek!

Rog. Yes, ye may guess right eith for what I
grein,

Baith by my service, sighs, and langing een.

And I man out wi't, tho' I risk your scorn;

Ye're never frae my thoughts baith ev'n and morn

Ah! cou'd I loo you less, I'd happy be;

But happier far, cou'd you but fancy me.

Jen. And wha kens, honest lad, but that I
may?

Ye canna say that e'er I said you nay.

Rog. Alake! my frightened heart begins to fail,

Whene'er I mint to tell you out my tale,

For fear some tighter lad, mair rich than I,

Has won your love, and near your heart may ly.

Jen. I loo my father, cousin Meg I love;

But to this day, nae man my mind cou'd move:

Except my kin, ilk lad's alike to me;

And frae ye a' I best had keep me free.

Rog. How lang, dear Jenny?--sayna that again;

What pleasure can ye tak in giving pain?

I'm glad, however that ye yet stand free;

Wha kens but ye may rue, and pity me?

64 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Jen. Ye have my pity else, to see ye set
On that whilk makes our sweetness soon forget.
Wow! but we're bonny, good, and every thing;
How sweet we breathe, whene're we kiss, or sing!
But we're nae sooner fools to gi'e consent,
Than we our daffin and tint pow'r repent;
When prison'd in four wa's, a wife right tame,
Altho' the first, the greatest drudge at hame.

Rog. That only happens, when, for sake o'
gear,

Ane wales a wife as he wad buy a mear:
Or when dull parents, bairns together bind,
Of different tempers, that can ne'er prove kind.
But love, true downright love, engages me,
Tho' thou shou'd scorn,—still to delight in thee.

Jen. What sugar'd word's frae wooers lips can
fa'!

But girning marriage comes and ends them a'.
I've seen, wi' shining fair, the morning rise,
And soon the sleety clouds mirk a' the skies.
I've seen the filler spring a while rin clear,
And soon in mossy puddles disappear:
The bridegroom may rejoice, the bride may smile;
But soon contentions a' their joys beguile.

Rog. I've seen the morning rise wi' fairest light,
The day unclouded sink in calmest night.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 65.

I've seen the spring rin wimpling thro' the plain,
Increase, and join the ocean without stain:

The bridegroom may be blyth, the bride may
smile;

Rejoice thro' life, and a' your fears beguile.

Jen. Were I but sure you lang wou'd love main-
tain,

The fewest words my easy heart could gain:

For I maun own, since now at last you're free,

Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your company;

And ever had a warmness in my breast,

That made ye dearer to me than the rest.

Rog. I'm happy now! o'er happy! had my
head!——

This gust of pleasure's like to be my dead.

Come to my arms! or strike me! I'm a' fir'd

Wi' wond'ring love! let's kifs till we be tir'd

Kifs, kifs! we'll kifs the sun and starns away,

And ferly at the quick return o' day.

O Jenny! let my arms about thee twine,

And brifs thy bonny breasts and lips to mine.

66 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Which may be sung as follows,

S A N G XIII. *Leith-wynd.*

J E N N Y.

*Were I assur'd you'd constant prove,
You shou'd nae mair complain;
The easy mind, beset wi' love,
Few words will quickly gain:
For I must own, now since you're free,
This too fond heart of mine
Has lang, a black-sole true to thee,
Wish'd to be pair'd with thine.*

R O G E R.

*I'm happy now; ah! let my head
Upon thy breast recline;
The pleasure strikes me near-hand dead;
Is Jenny then sae kind?
O let me brifs thee to my heart,
And round my arms entwine:
Delightsu' thought! we'll never part.
Come, press thy mouth to mine.*

Jen. With equal joy my easy heart gi'es way,
To own thy weel-try'd love has won the day.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 67

Now, by thae warmest kisses thou hast tane,
Swear thus to love me when by vows made ane.

Rog. I swear by fifty thousand yet to come,
Or may the first ane strike me deaf and dumb;
There shall not be a kindlier dawted wife,
If you agree wi' me to lead your life.

S A N G XIV. O'er Bogie.

J E N N Y.

*Weel, I agree, you're sure o' me ;
Next to my father gae:
Mak him content to gi'e consent,
He'll hardly say you nay:
For you have what he wad be at,
And will commend you weel,
Since parents auld think love grows cauld,
When bairns want milk and meal.
Should he deny, I carena by,
He'd contradict in vain;
Tho' a' my kin had said and sworn,
But thee I will hae nane.
Then never range, nor learn to change,
Like those in high degree:
And if ye prove faithful in love,
You'll find nae fault in me.*

Rog. My faulds contain twice fifteen sorrow
Nowt,

As mony newcal in my byers rowt;
Fiv pack of woo' I can at Lammas sell,
Shorn frae my bob-tail'd bleeters on the fell:
Gude twenty pair o' blankets for our bed,
Wi' meikle care, my thrifty mither made.
Iik thing that maks a heartsome hause and tight,
Was still her care, my father's great delight.
They left me a'; which now gi'es joy to me,
Because I can gi'e a', my dear, to thee:
And had I fifty times as meikle mair,
Nane but my Jenny shou'd the samen skair.
My love and a' is yours; now had them fast,
And guide them as ye like, to gar them last.

Jen. I'll do my best.--But see wha comes this
way,

Patie and Meg;--besides, I maunna stay:
Let's steal frae ither now, and meet the morn;
If we be seen, we'll dric a deal o' leorn.

Rog. To where the saugh-tree shades the men-
nin-pool,
I'll frae the hill come down, when day grows cool:
Keep trifle, and meet me there;--there let us meet,
To kifs and tell our love;--there's nought sae sweet

S C E N E IV.

This scene presents the KNIGHT and SYM
Within a gallery of the place,
Where a' looks ruinous and grim;
Nor has the Baron shewn his face,
But joking wi' his shepherd leel,
Ast speers the gate he kens fu' weel.

Sir WILLIAM and SYMON.

S. Wil. **T**O whom belongs this house, so much
 decay'd?

Sym. To ane that lost it, lending gen'rous aid,
 To bear the head up, when rebellious tail
 Against the laws of nature did prevail.
 Sir William Worthy is our master's name,
 Whilk fills us a' wi' joy, now *He's come hame.*

(Sir William draps his masking-beard;
Symon, transported, sees
The welcome knight, with fond regard,
And grasps him round the knees.)

My master! my dear master!--do I breathe
 To see him healthy, strong, and free frae skaith;

Return'd to chear his wishing tenant's sight,
To blefs his son, my charge, the world's delight!

S Will. Rise, faithful Symon; in my arms enjoy
A place, thy due, kind guardian of my boy:
I came to view thy care in this disguise,
And I confirm'd thy conduct has been wise;
Since still the secret thou'lt securely seal'd,
And ne'er to him his real birth reveal'd.

Sym. The due obedience to your strict command
Was the first lock:--neist, my ain judgement fand
Out reasons plenty; since, without estate,
A youth, tho' sprung frae kings, looks baugh and
blate.

S. Wil. And aften vain and idly spend their time,
Till grown unfit for action, past their prime,
Hang on their friends: which gi'es their fauls a cast,
That turns them downright beggars at the last.

Sym. Now, weel I wat, Sir, ye ha'e spoken true;
For there's laird Kytie's son that's loo'd by few:
His father steght his fortune in his wame,
And left his heir nought but a gentle name.
He gangs about fornan frae place to place,
As scrimp of manners as of sense and grace;
Oppressing a', as punishment of their sin,
That are within his tenth degree of kin:

D.
THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 71

Rins in ilk trader's debt, wha's fae unjust
To his ain fam'ly, as to gi'e him trust.

S. Wil. Such usefess branches of a commonwealth
Shou'd be lopt off, to gi'e a state mair health,

Unworthy bare reflection.—Symon, run

O'er all the observations on my son:

A parent's fondness easily finds excuse;

But do not, with indulgence, truth abuse.

Sym. To speak his praise, the longest summer day
Wad be o'er short,—cou'd I them right display.

In word and deed he can fae weel behave,

That out o' fight he rins afore the lave;

And whan there's e'er a quarrel or contest,

Patrick's made judge, to tell whase cause is best;

And his decreet stands good;—he'll gar it stand;

Wha dares to grumble, finds his correcting hand;

Wi' a firm look, and a commanding way,

He gars the proudest of our herds obey.

S. Wil. Your tale much pleases—my good friend,
proceed:

What learning has he? Can he write and read?

Sym. Baith wonder weel; for, troth, I didna spare

To gi'e him at the school enough o' lear;

And he delites in books:—he reads, and speaks

Wi' fowks that ken them, Latin words and
Greeks.

72 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

S. Wil. Where gets he books to read?--and of
what kind?

Tho' some give light, some blindly lead the blind.

Sym. Where'er he drives our sheep to Edinburgh
port,

He buys some books, of hist'ry, fangs, or sport:

Nor does he want o' them a rowth at will,

And carries ay a poutchfu' to the hill.

About ane Shakespear, and a famous Ben,

He aften speaks, and ca's them best of men.

How sweetly Hawthrenden and Stirling sing,

And ane ca'd--Cowley, loyal to his king,

He kens fu' weel, and gars their verses ring.

I sometimes thought he made o'er great a phrase

About fine poems, histories, and plays.

When I reprov'd him anes,--a book he brings,

Wi' this, quoth he, on braes I crack wi' kings.

S. Wil. He answer'd well; and much ye glad
my ear,

When such accounts I of my shepherd hear.

Reading such books can raise a peasant's mind

Above a lord's that is not thus inclin'd.

Sym. What ken we better, that sae findle look,

Except on rainy Sundays, on a book;

When we a leaf or twa haff read, haff spell,

Till a' the rest sleep round, as weel's ourfell?

S. Wil. Well jested, Symon.--But one question
more

I'll only ask ye now, and then give o'er.

The youth's arriv'd the age when little loves
Flighter around young hearts, like cooing doves;
Has nae young lassie, with inviting mien,
And rosy cheeks, the wonder of the green,
Engag'd his look, and caught his youthfu' heart?

Sym. I fear'd the warst, but kend the sma'est
part,

Till late, I saw him twa three times mair sweet
Wi' Glaud's fair niece, than I thought right or
meet:

I had my fears; but now hae nought to fear,
Since like yourfell your son will soon appear.
A gentleman, enrich'd wi' a' these charms,
May blest the fairest, best born lady's aims.

S. Wil. This night must end his unambitious fire,
When higher views shall greater thoughts inspire.
Go, Symon, bring him quickly here to me;
None but yourself shall our first meeting see.
Yonder's my horse and servants nigh at hand,
They come just at the time I gave command;

74 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Straight in my own apparel I'll go dress:
Now ye the secret may to all confess.

Sym. Wi' how much joy I on this errand flee,
There's nane can know, that is not downright me.

Exit Symon.

Sir WILLIAM solus.

When the event of hope successfully appears,
One happy hour cancels the toil of years;
A thousand toils are lost in Lethe's stream,
And cares evanish like a morning dream;
When wish'd-for pleasures rise like morning light,
The pain thats past enhances the delight.
These joys I feel, that words can ill express,
I ne'er had known, without my late distress.
But from his rustic business and love,
I must in haste my Patrick soon remove,
To courts and camps that may his soul improve }
Like the rough di'mond, as it leaves the mine,
Only in little breakings shews its light,
'Till artful polishing has made it shine;
Thus education makes the genius bright.

End of the THIRD ACT.

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Act. IV.

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A C T IV.

SCENE I.

The scene describ'd in former page,

Glaud's onset.—— Enter Maufe and Madge.

Mad. OUR laird's come hame! and owns
young Pate his heir.

Mau. That's news indeed!——

Mad. ——As true as ye stand there.

As they were dancing a' in Symon's yard,

Sir William, like a warlock, wi' a beard

Five nives in length, and white as driven snaw.

Amang us came, cry'd *Had ye merry a'.*

We ferly'd meikle at his unco look,

While frae his pouch he whirled forth a book.

As we stood round about him on the green,

He view'd us a', but fix't on Pate his een;

Then pawkily pretended he cou'd spae,

Yet for his pains and skill wad naething ha'e.

Mau. Then fure the lasses, and ilk gaping coof,

Wad rin about him, and had out their loof.

Mad. As fast as flaes skip to the tate of woo,

Whilk flee tod-lowry hads without his mou',

76 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

When he, to drown them, and his hips to cool,
In simmer days slides backward in a pool:
In short, he did for Pate braw things foretell,
Without the help of conjuring or spell.

At last, when weel diverted, he withdrew,
Pu'd aff his beard to Symon: Symon knew
His welcomt master;—round his knees he gat,
Hang at his coat, and syne, for blythness, grat.
Patrick was sent for; happy lad was he!

Symon tald Elfpa, Elfpa tald it me.

Ye'll hear out a' the secret story soon:
And troth it's e'en right odd, when a' is done,
To think how Symon ne'er afore wad tell,
Na, no sea meikle as to Pate himsell.—
Our Meg, poor thing, alake! has lost her jo.

Mau. It may be fae; wha kens? and may be no.
To lift a love that's rooted, is great pain:
Even kings ha'e tane a queen out o' the plain;
And what has been before, may be again. }

Mad. Sic nonsense! love take root, but tocher-
good,

'Tween a herd's bairn, and ane o' gentle blood!
Sic fashions in king Bruce's days might be;
But siccan ferlies now we never see.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 77

Mau. Gif Pate forsakes her, Bauldy she may
gain:

Yonder he comes, and vow but he looks fain!
Nae doubt he thinks that Peggy's now his ain.

Mad. He get her! slaverin doof; it sets him weel
To yoke a plough where Patrick thought to teel:
Gif I were Meg, I'd let young master see——

Mau. Ye'd be as dorty in your choice as he:
And so wad I. But whisht, here Bauldy comes.

Enter B A U L D Y singing.

JENNY said to JOCKY, giv ye winna tell,
Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysell;
Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free;
Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.

I trow fac.—Lassies will come too at last,
Tho' for a while they maun their snaw-ba's cast.

Mau. Well, Bauldy, how gaes a'?

Baul.———Faith unco right:
I hope we'll a' sleep sound but ane this night.

Mad. And wha's the unlucky ane, if we may ask?

Baul. To find out that, is nae difficult task;
Poor bonny PEGGY, wha man think nae mair

78 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

On Pate, turn'd PATRICK, and Sir WILLIAM's heir.
Now, now, good Madge, and honest Maufe, stand be
While Meg's in dumps, put in a word for me.
I'll be as kind as ever Pate cou'd prove;
Less wilfu', and ay constant in my love.

Mad. As Nepe can witness, and the bushy thorn,
Where mony a time to her your heart was sworn:
Fy! Bauldy, blush, and vows of love regard;
What ither lass will trow a mansworn herd?
The curse of heaven hings ay aboon their heads,
That's ever guilty of sic sinfu' deeds.
I'll ne'er advise my niece sae gray a gate;
Nor will she be advis'd, fu' weel I wat.

Baul. Sae gray a get! mansworn! and a' the rest!
Ye lee'd, auld roudes—and, in faith, y' had best
Eat in your words; else I shall gar ye stand
Wi' a het face afore the haly band.

Mad. Ye'll gar me stand! ye sheveling-gabbit
brock;

Speak that again, and, trembling, dread my rock,
And ten sharp nails, that, when my hands are in,
Can flyp the skin o' ye'r cheeks out o'er your chin.

Baul. I tak ye witness, Maufe, ye heard her say,
That I'm mansworn;—I winna let it gae.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 79

Mad. Ye're witnefs too, he ca'd me bony names,
And shou'd be serv'd as his good-breeding claims.
Ye filthy dog!——

Flees to his hair like a fury.—A stout battle.—

Mause endeavours to redd them.

Mau. Let gang your grips, fy, Madge! howt;
Bauldy leen:

I wadna wish this tulzie had been seen;
It's fac daft like.——

*Bauldy gets out of Madge's clutches with a
bleeding nose.*

Mad.————It's dafter like to thole
An ether-cap like him to blaw the coal:
It-fets him weel, wi' vile unscrapit tongue,
To cast up whether I be auld or young;
They're aulder yet than I have married been,
And or they died their bairns bairns have seen.

Mau. That's true; and Bauldy ye was far
to blame,
To ca' Madge ought but her ain christen'd name.

Baul. My lugs, my nose, and noddle finds the
same.

Mad. Auldroudes! filthy fallow; I fall auld ye.

80 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Mau. Howt no!—ye'll e'en be friends wi' honest Bauldy.

Come, come, shake hands; this maun nae farder gae:

Ye maun forgie 'm. I see the lad looks wae.

Baul. In troth now, Maufe, I ha'e at Madge nae spite:

But she abusing first, was a' the wite
Of what has happen'd; and shou'd therefore crave
My pardon first, and shall acquittance have. (*greet.*)

Mad. I crave your pardon! gallows-face, gae
And own your fault to her that ye wad cheat;
Gae, or be blasted in your health and gear,
'Till ye learn to perform as well as swear.
Vow, and lowp back!—was e'er the like heard tell?
Swith, take him de'il; he's o'er lang out of hell.

BAULDY running off.

His presence be about us! curst were he
That were condemn'd for life to live wi' thee,

Exit. Bauldy.

MADGE laughing.

I think I've towz'd his harigalds a wee;
He'll no soon grin to tell his love to me.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 81

He's but a rascal that wad mair to serve
A lassie fae, he does but ill deserve. (for't;

Mau. Ye towz'd him tightly,—I commend ye
His blooding snout gae me nae little sport :
For this forenoon he had that scant of grace,
And breeding baith,—to tell me to my face
He hop'd I was a witch, and wadna stand
To lend him in this case my helping hand. (bear,

Mad. A witch!—How had ye patience this to
And leave him een to see or lugs to hear? (mine

Mau. Auld wither'd hands and feeble joints like
Obliges fowk resentment to decline ;
Till aft it's seen, when vigour fails, then we
With cunning can the lake of pith supplie.
Thus I pat aff revenge till it was dark,
Syn e bad him come, and we shou'd gang to wark :
I'm sure he'll keep his triste; and I came here
To seek your help, that we the fool may fear.

Mad. And special sport we'll ha'e, as I protest;
Ye'll be the witch, and I shall play the ghaist ;
A linen sheet wond round me like ane dead,
I'll cawk my face, and grane, and shake my head.
We'll fleg him fae, he'll mint nae mair to gang
A-conjuring, to do a lassie wrang. (night

Mau. Then let us gae; for see, it's hard on

82 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

The westlin clouds shines red wi' setting light.

Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

*When birds begin to nod upon the bough,
Ana the green swaird grows damp wi' falling dew,
While good Sir William is to rest retir'd,
The Gentle Shepherd, tenderly inspir'd,
Walks thro' the broom with Roger ever leel,
To meet, to comfort Meg, and tak fareweel.*

Reg. **W**OW! but I'm cadgie, and my heart
lowps light;

O, Mr Patrick! ay your thoughts were right:
Sure gentle fowk are farer seen than we
That naithing ha'e to brag of pedigree.
My Jenny now, wha brak my heart this morn,
Is perfect yielding,—sweet,—and nae mair scorn.
I spake my mind—she heard—I spake again,
She smil'd—I kiss'd—I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain.

Pat. I'm glad to hear't—But O! my change
this day

Heaves up my joy, and yet I'm sometimes wae.
I've found a father, gently kind as brave,
And an estate that lifts me 'boon the lave.

D. THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 83

Wi' looks a' kindness, words that love confess, }
 He a' the father to my soul express, }
 While close he held me to his manly breast.
 Such were the eyes, he said, thus smil'd the mouth
 Of thy lov'd mother, blessing of my youth;
 Who set too soon!—And while he praise bestow'd,
 Adown his gracefu' cheeks a torrent flow'd.
 My new-born joys, and this his tender tale,
 Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my thoughts prevail;
 That speechless lang, my late kend fire I view'd,
 While gushing tears my panting breast bedew'd.
 Unusual transports made my head turn round, }
 Whilst I mysell, wi' rising raptures, found }
 The happy son of ane sac much renown'd.
 But he has heard!—too faithful Symon's fear
 Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear:
 Which he forbids.—Ah! this confounds my peace,
 While thus to beat, my heart shall sooner cease.

Rog. How to advise ye troth I'm at a stand:
 But were't my case, ye'd clear it up aff-hand.

Pat. Duty, and hasten reason, plead his cause:
 But what cares love for reason, rules, and laws?
 Still in my heart my shepherdes excels,
 And part of my new happiness repells.

84 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

SANG XV. *Kirk wad let me be.*

Duty, and part of reason,

Plead strong on the parent's side,

Which love so superior calls treason;

The strongest must be obey'd:

For now, tho' I'm aye of the gentry,

My constancy falsehood repels:

For change in my heart has no entry,

Still there my dear Peggy excels.

Rog. Enjoy them baith.—Sir William will be won :

Your Peggy's bonny ;—you're his only son.

Pat. She's mine by vows, and stronger ties of love ;

And frae these bands nae change my mind shall move.

I'll wed nane else ; thro' life I will be true ;

But still obedience is a parent's due.

Rog. Is not our master and yourself to stay

Amang us here !—or are ye gawn away

To London court, or ither far aff parts,

To leave your ain poor us wi' broken hearts?

Pat. To Edinburgh straight to-morrow we }
advance ; }

To London next; and afterwards to France,
Where I must stay some years, and learn—to }
dance,

And two three ither monkey-tricks.—That done,
I come hame strutting in my red-heel'd shoon.

Then it's design'd, when I can weel behave,
That I maun be some petted thing's dull slave,
For some few bags of cash, that, I wat weel,
I nae mair need nor carts do a third wheel.

But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath,
Sooner than hear sic news, shall hear my death.

Rog. They wha ha'e just enough, can soundly sleep:
The o'ercome only fashes fowk to keep.— } P. 21.

Good Mr Patrick, tak your ain tale hame.
Pat. What was my morning thought, at }
night's the same:

The poor and rich but differ in the name.
Content's the greatest blifs we can procure
Frae 'boon the list.—Without it, kings are poor.

Rog. But an estate like yours yields braw content,
When we but pick it scanty on the bent:
Fine claiths, fast beds, sweet houses, and red wine,
Good chear, and witty friends, whene'er ye dine;
Obeysant servants, honour, wealth, and eale:
Wha's no content wi' thae, are ill to please.

Pat. Sae Roger thinks, and thinks na far amifs;
 But a cloud hings hov'ring o'er the blifs.
 The passions rule the coast;—and, if they're sown,
 Like the lean ky, will soon the fat devour.
 The spleen, tint honour, and affronted pride,
 Stang like the sharpest goads in gentry's side.
 The gouts and gravels, and the ill disease,
 Are frequentest with fowk o'erlaid with ease;
 While o'er the moor the shepherd, wi' less care,
 Enjoys his sober with, and halefome air.

Reg. Lord, man! I wonder ay, and it delights
 My heart, whene'er I hearken to your flights.
 How gat ye a' that sense, I fain wad lear,
 That I may easier disappointments bear? (skill;

Pat. Frae books, the wale of books, I gat some
 Thae best can teach what's real good and ill.
 Ne'er grudge ilk year to ware some stanes of cheese,
 To gain these silent friends, that ever please.

Reg. I'll do't, and ye shall tell me whilk to buy:
 Faith I'fe hae books, tho' I should fell my ky.
 But now let's hear how you're design'd to move,
 Between Sir William's will, and Peggy's love,

Pat. Then here it lies:—his will maun be }
 obey'd; }

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My vows I'll keep, and she shall be my bride;
 But I some time this last design maun hide. }
 Keep you the secret close, and leave me here;
 I sent for Peggy.—Yonder comes my dear.

Rog. Pleas'd that ye trust me wi' the secret, I,
 To wyle it frae me, a' the de'ils-defy.

Exit. Roger.

PATIE solus.

Wi' what a struggle maun I now impart
 My father's will to her that hads my heart!
 I ken she looes; and her fast faul will sink,
 While it stands trembling on the hated brink
 Of disappointment.—Heav'n support my fair,
 And let her comfort claim your tender care.—
 Her eyes are red!————

Enter PEGGY.

—————My Peggy, why in tears?
 Smile as ye wont, allow nae room for fears:
 Tho' I'm nae mair a shepherd, yet I'm thine.

Peg. I dare na think sac high: I now repine
 At the unhappy clance, that made nae me
 A gentle match, or still a herd kept thee.
 Wha can, withoutten pain, see frae the coast

88 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

The ship that bears his all like to be lost?
Like to be carry'd, by some rever's hand,
Far frae his wishes, to some distant land! (mains-

Pat. Ne'er quarrel fate, while it wi' me re-
To raise thee up, or still attend these plains.

My father has forbid our loves, I own:

But love's superior to a parent's frown.

I falsehood hate: come, kiss thy cares away;

I ken to love, as weel as to obey.

Sir William's generous; leave the task to me,

To mak strict duty and true love agree. (grief:

Peg. Speak on!—speak ever thus, and still my
But short I dare to hope the fond relief.

New thoughts a gentler face will soon inspire.

That wi' nice air swims round in silk attire;

Then I, poor me?—wi' sighs may ban my fate,

When the young laird's nae mair my handsome
Pate;

Nae mair again to hear sweet tales express,

By the blyth shepherd that excell'd the rest:

Nae mair, alake! we'll on the meadow play,

And rin haff breathless round the rucks of hay;

As aft-times I have fled from thee right fain,

And sa'n on purpose, that I might be tane,

Nae mair around the *Foggy-know* I'll creep,

To watch and stare upon thee while asleep.
 But hear my vow—'twill help to gi'e me ease;
 May sudden death or deadly fair disease,
 And warst of ills, attend my wretched life,
 If e'er to aue, but you, I be a wife!

SANG XVI. *Woes my heart that we should sunder.*

*Speak on,—speak thus, and still my grief,
 Hold up a heart that's sinking under
 These fears, that soon will want relief,
 When Pate must from his Peggy sunder;
 A gentler face, and silk attire,
 A lady rich, in beauty's blossom,
 Alake, poor me! will now conspire,
 To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.*

*No more the shepherd who excell'd
 The rest, whose wit made them to wander,
 Shall now his Peggy's praises tell:
 Ah! I can die, but never sunder.
 Ye meadows where we often stray'd,
 Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
 Sweet-scented ricks round which we play'd,
 You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.*

*Again, ah! shall I never creep
 Around the know wi' silent duty,
 Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
 And wonder at thy manly beauty?
 Hear, heav'n, while solemnly I vow,
 Tho' thou should prove a wand'ring lover,
 Thro' life to thee I shall prove true,
 Nor be a wife to any other.*

Pat. Sure heav'n approves—and be assur'd
 o' me,

I'll ne'er gang back o' what I've sworn to thee:
 And time, tho' time maun interpose a while,
 And I maun leave my Peggy and this isle;
 Yet time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,
 If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy place.
 I'd hate my rising fortune, shou'd it move
 The fair foundation of our faithfu' love.
 If at my feet were crowns and sceptres laid,
 To bribe my soul frae thee, delightfu' maid!
 For thee I'd soon leave these inferior things,
 To sic as ha'e the patience to be kings.—

Wherefore that tear? believe, and calm thy mind.

Peg. I grêet for joy, to hear thy words sae kind.
 When hopes were sunk, and nought but mind
 despair

Made me think life was little worth my care,
 My heart was like to burst; but now I see
 Thy gen'rous thoughts will save thy love for me.
 Wi' patience, then, I'll wait each wheeling year
 Hope time away, till thou with joy appear;
 And a' the while I'll study gentler charms,
 To mak me fitter for my trav'ler's arms:
 I'll gain on uncle Glaud;—he's far frae fool,
 And will not grudge to put me thro' ilk school;
 Where I may manners learn.————

SANG XVII. *Tweed-side.*

*When hope was quite sunk in despair,
 My heart it was going to break;
 My life appear'd worthless my care,
 But now I will save't for thy sake.
 Where'er my love travels by day,
 Wherever he lodges by night,
 With me his dear image shall stay,
 And my soul keep him e'er in sight.
 With patience I'll wait the lang year,
 And study the gentlest charms;
 Hope time away, till thou appear
 To lock thee for ay in those arms.*

*Whilst thou was a shepherd, I priz'd
 No higher degree in this life;
 But now I'll endeavour to rise
 To a height that's becoming thy wife.*

*For beauty, that's only skin deep,
 Must fade, like the gowns in May;
 But inwardly rooted will keep
 For ever, without a decay.
 Nor age nor the changes of life,
 Can quench the fair fire of love,
 If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
 And the husband ha'e sense to approve.*

*Pat.———That's wisely said;
 And what he wares that way shall be well paid.
 Tho', without a' the little helps of art,
 Thy native sweets might gain a prince's heart:
 Yet now, lest in our station we offend,
 We must learn modes to innocence unkend;
 Affect a times to like the thing we hate,
 And drop serenity, to keep up state:
 Laugh, when we're sad; speak, when we've
 nought to say;
 And, for the fashion, when we're blyth, seem woe;*

Pay compliments to them we airt nae scorn'd,
Then scandalize them when their backs are turn'd.

Peg. If this is gentry, I had rather be
What I am still;---but I'll be ought wi' thee.

Pat. Na, na, my Peggy, I but only jest
Wi' gentry's apes; for still amongst the best
Gude manners gi'e integrity a bleez,
When native virtues join the arts to please.

Peg. Since wi' nae hazard, and sae sma' ex-
pence,

My lad frae books can gather siccan sense;
Then why, ah! why should the tempestuous sea
Endanger thy dear life, and frighten me?
Sir William's cruel, that wad force his son,
For watna-whats, sae great a risk to run.

Pat. There is nae doubt but travelling does
improve;

Yet I would shun it for thy sake, my love.
But soon as I've shook off my landart cast
In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

Peg. Wi' ev'ry setting day, and rising morn,
I'll kneel to heav'n, and ask thy safe return.
Under that tree, and on the Suckler Brae,
Where airt we wont, when bairns, to rip and play;

And to the Hissel-shaw, where first ye vow'd
 Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,
 I'll aften gang, and tell the trees and flow'rs,
 Wi' joy, that they'll bear witness I am yours.

SANG XVIII. *Bush aboon Traquair.*

*At setting day, and rising morn,
 Wi' soul that still shall love thee,
 I'll ask of heav'n thy safe return,
 Wi' a' that can improve thee.
 I'll visit a' the Birken-bush,
 Where first thou kindly tald me
 Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush
 Whilst round thou didst insald me.
 To a' our haunts I will repair,
 To Greenwood-shaw or fountain,
 Or where the simmer-day I'd share
 Wi' thee upon yon mountain.
 There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
 From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
 By vows you're mine, by love is yours
 A heart which cannot wander.*

Pat. My dear, allow me, frae thy temples fair,
 A shining ringlet of thy flowing hair;

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THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 95

Which, as a sample of each lovely charm,
I'll often kiss and wear about my arm. (please,

Peg. Were't in my pow'r wi' better boons to
I'd gi'e the best I cou'd wi' the same ease;
Nor wad I, if thy luck had fall'n to me,
Been in ae jot less generous to thee.

Pat. I doubt it not; but since we've little time,
To ware't on words wad border on a crime:
Love's faster meaning better is exprest,
When it's wi' kisses on the heart imprest.

Excunt.

End of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

SCENE I.

*See how poor Bauldy stares like one posselt,
And roars up Symon frae his kindly rest.
Bare-leg'd, wi' night-cap, and unbutton'd coat;
See, the auld man comes forward to the sot.*

Sym. **W**HAT want ye, Bauldy, at this early hour,

While drowsy sleep keeps a' beneath its pow'r?
Far to the north the scant approaching light
Stands equal 'twixt the morning and the night.
What gars ye shake and glowr, and look fae wan?
Your teeth they chitter, hair like bristles stand.

Baul. O len me-foen some water, milk, or ale;
My head's grown giddy,—legs wi' shaking fail;
I'll ne'er dare venture forth at night my lane:
Alake! I'll never be mysell again.
I'll ne'er o'erput it! Symon! O Symon! O!

Symon gives him a drink. (ado?)

Sym. What ails thee, gowk! to mak fae loud.
You've wak'd Sir William; he has left his bed;
He comes, I fear, ill-pleas'd: I hear his tread.



Act: V.

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Enter Sir WILLIAM.

S. Wil. How goes the night? does day-light yet appear?

Symon, you're very timeously afeer.

Sym. I'm sorry, Sir, that we've disturb'd your rest:

But some strange thing has Bauldy's sp'rit oppress'd;

He's seen some witch, or wrestled wi' a ghaist.

Baul. O ay,--dear Sir, in troth it's very true:
And I am come to make my plaint to you.

Sir WILLIAM smiling

I lang to hear't——

Baul. —— Ah, Sir! the witch ca'd Maufe,
That wins aboon the mill amang the haws,
First promis'd that she'd help me, wi' her art,
To gain a bonny thrawart lassie's heart.
As she had trysted, I met wi'er this night;
But may nae friend o' mine get sic a fright!
For the curs'd hag, instead o' dooing me good,
(The very thought o't's like to freeze my blood!)
Rais'd up a ghaist, or de'il, I kenna whilk,

Like a dead corse, in sheet as white as milk :
 Black hands it had, and face as wan as death.
 Upon me fast the witch and it fell baith,
 And gat me down; while I, like a great fool,
 Was labour'd as I wont to be at school.
 My heart out o' its hool was like to loup ;
 I pitiless grew wi' fear, and had nae hope,
 Till, wi' an elritch laugh, they vanish'd quite :
 Syne I, haff dead wi' anger, fear, and spite,
 Crap up, and fled straight frae them, Sir, to you,
 Hoping your help to gi'e the de'il his due.
 I'm sure my heart will ne'er gi'e o'er to dunt,
 Till in a fat tar-barrel Maufe be brunt.

S. Wil. Well, Bauldy, whate'er's just shall grant.
 ed be;

Let Maufe be brought this morning down to me.

Baul. Thanks to your honour; soon shall I obey;
 But first I'll Roger raise, and twa three mae,
 To catch her fast, ere she get leave to squeel,
 And cast her cantrips that bring up the de'il.

Exit Bauldy.

S. Wil. Troth, Symon, Bauldy's more afraid
 than hurt, [sport.
 The witch and ghaist have made themselves good.
 What silly notions crowd the clouded mind

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 99

That is, through want of education, blind!

Sym. But does your honour think there's nae sic thing,

As witches raising de'ils up through a ring,
Syne playing tricks? a thousand I cou'd tell,
Cou'd never be contriv'd on this side hell.

S. Wil. Such as, the devil's dancing in a moor
Amongst a few old women craz'd and poor,
Who are rejoic'd to see him frisk and lowp
O'er brace and bogs, wi' candles in his dowp;
Appearing sometimes like a black-horn'd cow,
Aft-times like Bawty, Badrans, or a sow:
Then wi' his train thro' airy paths to glide,
While they on cats, or clowns, or broom-staffs ride;
Or in an egg-shell skim out o'er the main,
To drink their leader's health in France or Spain:
Then aft by night bumbaze hard-hearted fools,
By tumbling down their cup-boards, chairs, and
fools:

Whate'er's in spells, or if there witches be,
Such whimsies seem the most absurd to me.

Sym. It's true enough, we ne'er heard that a
witch

Had either meikle sence, or yet was rich:
But Maufe, tho' poor, is a sagacious wife,
And lives a quiet and very honest life;

400 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

That gars me think this hobleſhew that's paſt
Will land in naithing but a joke at laſt.

S. Wil. I'm ſure it will :--but ſee, increaſing light
Commands the imps of darkneſs down to night ;
Bid raiſe my ſervants, and my horſe prepare,
Whiſt I walk out to take the morning air.

SANG XIX. *Bonny grey-ey'd morn,*

*The bonny grey-ey'd morn begins to peep,
And darkneſs flies before the riſing ray :
The hearty hynd ſtarts from his lazy ſleep,
To follow healthful labours of the day ;*

*Without a guilty ſting to wrinkle his brow :
The lark and the linnet 'tend his levee,
And he joins their concert driving his plow,
From toil of grimace and pageantry free.*

*While ſuſter'd with wine, or madden'd with loſs
Of half an eſtate, the prey of a main,
The drunkard and gameſter tumble and toſs,
Wiſhing for calmneſs and ſlumber in vain ;*

*Be my portion health and quietneſs of mind.
Plac'd at due diſtance from parties and ſtate,*

*Where neither ambition nor avarice blind
Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate.*

Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

*While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,
Wi' a blew snood Jenny binds up her hair:
Glaud by his morning ingle tak's a beek,
The rising sun shines motty thro' the reek;
A pipe his mouth, the lasses please his een,
And now and then his joke maun interveen.*

Gla. **I** With, my bairns, it may keep fair till night;
Ye dinna use fae soon to see the light.
Nae doubt, now, ye intend to mix the thrang,
To tak your leave of Patrick or he gang.
But do you think, that now, whan he's a laird,
That he poor landward lasses will regard?

Jen. Tho' he's young master now, I'm very sure
He has mair sense than slight auld friends, tho' poor.
But yesterday he ga'e us mony a tug,
And kifs'd my cousin there frae lug to lug.

Gla. Ay, ay, nae doubt o't, and he'll do't again;
But be advis'd, his company refrain:
Before, he as a shepherd fought a wife,

Wi' her to live a chaste and frugal life;
 But now grown gentle, soon he will forsake
 Sic godly thoughts, and brag of being a rake.

Peg. A rake!—what's that?—Sure if it means
 ought ill,

He'll never be't; else I ha'e tint my skill.

Gla. Daft lassie, ye ken nought of the affair;
 An' young and good and gentle's unco rare.
 A rake's a graceless spark, that thinks nae shame
 To do what like of us thinks sin to name:
 Sic are fae void of shame, they'll never flap
 To brag how aften they ha'e had the clap.
 They'll tempt young things, like you, wi' youdith
 flush'd,

Syne mak ye a' their jest, when ye're debauch'd.
 Be wary then, I say; and never gi'e
 Encouragement, or bour'd wi' sic as he.

Peg. Sir William's virtuous. and of gentle blood;
 And may not Patrick too, like him, be good?

Gla. That's true; and mony gentry mae than he;
 As they are wiser, better are than we;
 But thinner sawn: They're fae puft up wi' pride,
 There's mony of them mocks ilk haly-guide,
 That shaws the gate to heaven.--I've heard mysel,
 'Some o' them laugh at doomsday, sin, and hell.

Jen. Watch o'er us, father! heh! that's very odd;

Sure him that doubts a doomsday, doubts a God.

Gla. Doubt! why, they neither doubt, nor
judge, nor think,

Nor hope, nor fear; but curse, debauch, and drink;

But I'm no saying this, as if I thought

That Patrick to sic gates will e'er be brought.

Peg. The Lord forbid! Na, he kens better things:
But here comes aunt; her face some ferly brings.

Enter MADGE.

Mad. Haste, haste ye; we're a' sent for o'er the
gate,

To hear, and help to redd some odd debate

'Tween Maufe and Bauldy, 'bout some witchcraft
spell,

At Symon's house: the knight sits judge himsell

Gla. Lend me my staff;—Madge, lock the out-
er-door,

And bring the lasses wi' ye: I'll step before.

Exit Glaud.

Mad. Poor Meg! look, Jenny, was the like
e'er seen?

How bleer'd and red wi' greeting look her een!

This day her braskan wooer taks his horse,

To strute a gentle spark at Edinburgh cross;

To change his kent, cut frae the branchy plain,
For a nice sword, and glancing-headed cane ;
To leave his ram-horn spoons, and kitted whey,
For gentler tea, that smells like new-won hay ;
To leave the green-swaird dance, when we gae
milk,

To rustle 'mang the beauties clad in silk.
But Meg, poor Meg? maun wi' the shepherd stay,
And tak what God will send, in hodden-gray.

Peg. Dear aunt, what needs ye fash us wth your scorn?

It's no my fault that I'm nae gentler born,
Gif I the daughter of some laird had been,
I ne'er had notic'd Patie on the green.
Now since he rises, why shou'd I repine?
If he's made for anither, he'll ne'er be mine;
And then, the like has been, if the decree
Designs him mine, I yet his wife may be.

Mad. A bonny story, trouth!--but we delay:
Prin up your aprons baith, and come away.

Exempl.

S C E N E III.

*Sir William fills the twa-arm'd chair,
While Symon, Roger, Glaud, and Maufe,
Attend, and wi' loud laughter bear
Daft Bauldy bluntly plead his cause:
For now it's tell'd him that the taz
Was handled by revengfu' Madge,
Because he brak good-breeding's laws,
And wi' his nonsense rais'd their rage.*

S. Wil. **A**ND was that all! Weel, Bauldy, ye
was serv'd

No otherwise than what ye well deserv'd.
Was it so small a matter to defame,
And thus abuse an honest woman's name?
Besides your going about to have betray'd,
By perjury, an innocent young maid.

Baul. Sir, I confes my faut thro' a' the steps,
And ne'er again shall be untrue to Neps.

Mau. Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the
score,

I kend na that they thought me sic before.

Baul. An't like your honour, I believ'd it weel:
But trowth I was e'en doilt to seek the de'il:

156 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Yet, wi' your honour's leave, tho' she's nae witch,
 She's baith a flee and a revengefu' ——
 And that my some-place finds :—but I had best
 Had in my tongue; for yonder comes the ghaist,
 And the young bonny witch, whose rosie cheek,
 Sent me, without my wit, the de'il to seek.

Enter MADGE, PEGGY, and JENNY.

Sir WILLIAM, looking at PEGGY,

Whose daughter's she that wears th' Aurora
 gown,
 With face so fair, and looks a lovely brown?
 How sparkling are her eyes! what's this? I find
 The girl brings all my siller to my mind.
 Such were the features once adorn'd a face,
 Which death too soon depriv'd of sweetest grace.
 Is this your daughter, Glaud?——

Gla. ——— Sir, she's my niece,—
 And yet she's not:—But I shou'd hald my peace.

S. Wil. This is a contradiction. What d'ye mean?
 She is and is not! pray thee, Glaud, explain.

Gla. Because I doubt, if I shou'd mak appear
 What I ha'e kept a secret thirteen years—
Mau. You may reveal what I can fully clear. }

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 107

S. Wil. Speak soon; I'm all impatience—

Pat. ————— So I'm I!

For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.

Gla. Then, since my master orders, I obey.—

This bonny fundling, ae clear morn of May,

Cloze by the lee-side of my door I found,

All sweet and clean, and carefully hapt round,

In infant-weeds of rich and gentle make.

What cou'd they be, thought I, did thee forsake?

Wha, warfe than brutes, cou'd leave expos'd to air

Sae much of innocence, sae sweetly fair,

Sae helpless young? for she appear'd to me

Only about twa towmands auid to be.

I took her in my arms; the bairnie smil'd

Wi' sic a look, wad made a savage mild.

I hid the story: She has past sincefyne

As a poor orphan, and a niece of mine.

Nor do I rue my care about the wean,

For she's weel worth the pains that I ha'e tane.

Ye see she's bonny; I can swear she's good,

And am right sure she's come of gentle blood:

Of whom I kenna.—Naething ken I mair,

Than what I to your Honour now declare.

S. Wil. This tale seems strange!—

Pat. ————— The tale delights mine ear.

S. Wil. Command your joys, young man, till
truth appear. (hush;

Mau. That be my task.—Now, Sir, bid a' be
Peggy may smile;—thou hast nae cause to blush.
Lang ha'e I wish'd to see this happy day,
That I might safely to the truth gi'e way;
That I may now Sir William Worthy name,
The best and nearest friend that she can claim:
He saw't at first, and wi' quick eye did trace
His sister's beauty in her daughter's face.

S. Wil. Old woman, do not rave,—prove what
you say;

'Tis dangerous in affairs like this to play.

Pat. What reason, Sir, can an auld woman have
To tell a lie, when she's sae near her grave?

But how, or why, it shou'd be truth, I grant
I every thing looks like a reason want.

Omnes. The story's odd! we wish we heard it out.

S. Wil. Make haste, good woman, and resolve
each doubt.

Mause goes forward leading Peggy to Sir William.

Mau. Sir, view me weel: has fifteen years so
plow'd

A wrinkled face that you have aften view'd,

That here I as an unknown stranger stand,
 Who nurs't her mother that now holds my hand?
 Yet stronger proofs I'll gi'e, if you demand.

S. Wil. Ha? honest nurse, where were my eyes
 before?

I know thy faithfulness, and need no more;
 Yet, from the lab'rinth to lead out my mind,
 Say, to expose her, who was so unkind?

*Sir William embraces Peggy, and makes her sit
 by him.*

Yes, surely thou'rt my niece; truth must prevail:
 But no more words, till Maufe relate her tale.

Pat. Good nurse, gae on; nae music's haff
 fae fine,

Or can gi'e pleasure like these words of thine.

Mau. Then it was I that sav'd her infant-life,
 Her death being threaten'd by an uncle's wife.
 The story's lang; but I the secret knew,
 How they pursu'd, wi' avaricious view,
 Her rich estate, of which they're now possess:
 All this to me a confident confest.

I heard wi' horror, and wi' trembling dread,
 They'd smoor the sakeless orphan in her bed!
 That very night, when a' were sunk in rest,
 At midnight-hour, the floor I fastly prest,

410 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

And saw the sleeping innocent away ;
 Wi' whom I travell'd some few miles ere day :
 All day I hid me ;—when the day was done,
 I kept my journey lighted by the moon,
 Till eastward fifty miles I reach'd these plains,
 Where needfu' plenty glads your cheerfu' swains ;
 Afraid of being found out, I to secure
 My charge, e'en laid her at this shephërd's door,
 And took a neighbouring cottage here, that I,
 Whate'er shou'd happen to her, might be by.
 Here honest Glaud himsell, and Symon, may
 Remember weel, how I that very day.
 Frae Roger's father took my little cove.

Glaud with tears of joy hoping down his beard,

I weel remember't; Lord reward your love:
 Lang ha'e I wish'd for this: for aft I thought
 Sic knowledge sometime shou'd about be brought.

Pat. It's now a crime to doubt ;—my joys
 are full,

Wi' due obedience to my parent's will.
 Sir, wi' paternal love survey her charms,
 And blame me not for rushing to her arms:
 She's mine by vows; and wou'd, tho' still un-
 known,

Have been my wife, when I my vows durst own.

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THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 191

S. Wil. My niece! my daughter! welcome to
my care;

Sweet image of thy mother, good and fair,
Equal with Patrick. Now my greatest aim
Shall be, to aid your joys, and well match'd-flame.
My boy, receive her from your father's hand,
With as good will as either would demand.

Patie and Peggy embrace, and kneel to Sir William.

Pat. Wi' as much joy this blessing I receive,
As ane wad life, that's sinking in a wave.

Sir WILLIAM raises them.

I give you both my blessing: May your love
Produce a happy race, and still improve.

Peg. My wishes are complete,—my joys arise,
While I'm haff dizzy wi' the blest surprise.

And am I then a match for my ain'lad,
That for me so much generous kindness had?

Lang may Sir William blest the happy plains,
Happy while heaven grant he on them remains.

Pat. Be lang our guardian, still our master be, }
We'll only crave what you shall please to gi'e: }
Th' estate be your's, my Peggy's ane to me. }

Gla. I hope your honour now will tak amends
Of them that sought her life for wicked ends.

112 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

S. Wil. The base unnatural villain soon shall know,
That eyes above watch the affairs below.
I'll strip him soon of all to her pertains,
And make him reimburse his ill-got gains.

Peg. To me the views of wealth, and an estate,
Seem light, when put in balance wi' my Pate :
For his sake only, I'll ay thankfu' bow
For such a kindness, best of men, to you.

Sym. What double blythness wakens up this
day !

I hope now, Sir, you'll no soon haste away.
Shall I unsaddle your horse, and gar prepare
A dinner for ye of hale country fare?
See how much joy unwrinkles every brow ;
Out looks hing on the twa, and doat on you :
Even Bauldy the bewitch'd has quite forgot
Fell Madge's taz, and pawky Maufe's plot. (day

S. Wil. Kindly old man, remain with you this
I never from these fields again will stray :
Masons and wrights shall soon my hōuse repair,
And busy gard'ners shall new planting rear ;
My father's hearty table you soon shall see
Restor'd, and my best friends rejoice with me.

Sym. That's the best news I heard this twenty year ;
New day breaks up, rough times begin to clear.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 113

Gla. God save the king, and save Sir William
lang,

T' enjoy their ain, and raise the shepherd's sang.

Rog. Wha winna dance? wha will refuse to sing
What shepherd's whistle winna lilt the spring?

Paul. I'm friends wi' Maufe,--wi' very Madge I'm
Altho' they skelpit me when woody fleid: ('gree'd'
I'm now fu' blyth, and frankly can forgive,
To join and sing *Lang may Sir William live.*

Mad. Lang may he live:--and, Bauldy, learn to
Your gab a wee, and think before ye speak; (sleek
And never ca' her auld that wants a man,
Else ye may yet some witch's fingers ban.
This day I'll wi' the youngest of ye rant,
And brag for ay, that I was ca'd the aunt
Of our young lady,—my dear bonny bairn!

Peg. Nae ither name I'll ever for you learn.—
'And, my good nurse, how shall I gratefu' be,
'For a' thy matchless kindness done to me?

Mau. The flowing pleasures of this happy day
Does fully all I can require repay.

S. Wil. To faithful Symon, and, kind Glaud, to }
'And to your heirs, I give an endless fee, (yeu, }
The mailens ye possess, as justly due,

114 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

For acting like kind fathers to the pair,
 Who have enough besides, and these can spare.
 Maufe, in my house in calmness close your days,
 With nought to do but sing your maker's praise.

Omnis. The Lord of heaven return your honour's love,

Confirm your joys, and a' your blessings roove.

PATIE, *presenting* Roger to Sir William,

Sir, here's my trusty friend, that always shar'd
 My bosom-secrets, e're I was a laird;
 -Glaud's daughter Janet (Jenny, thinkna shame)
 Rais'd, and maintains in him a lover's flame:
 Lang was he dumb; at last he spake, and won,
 And hopes to be our honest uncle's son:
 Be pleas'd to speak to Glaud for his consent,
 That nane may wear a face of discontent. (*crave*,

S. Wil. My son's demand is fair.—Glaud, let me
 That trusty Roger may your daughter have,
 With frank consent; and while he does remain
 Upon these fields, I make him chamberlain.

Gla. You crowd your bounties, Sir; what can
 we say,
 But that we're dyvours that can ne'er repay;
 What'er your honour wills, I shall obey.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 115

Roger, my daughter, wi' my blessing, tak,
And still our master's right your business mak.
Please him, be faithfu', and this auld gray head
Shall nod wi' quietness down amang the dead.

Reg. I ne'er was good at speaking a' my days,
Or ever loo'd to mak o'er great a fraise :
But for my master, father, and my wife,
I will employ the cares of a' my life.

S. Wil. My friends, I'm satisfy'd you'll all be
Each in his station, as I'd wish or crave. (have,
Be ever virtuous ; soon or late you'll find
Reward, and satisfaction to your mind.
The maze of life sometimes looks dark and wild ;
And oft when hopes are highest, we're beguil'd :
Oft when we stand on brinks of dark despair,
Some happy turn, with joy, dispels our care.
Now all's at rights, who sings best, let me hear. }

Peg. when you demand, I readiest should obey :
I'll sing you ane the newest that I hae.

SANG XIX. *Bonny grey-ey'd morn.*

My Patie is a lover gay,

His mind is never muddy :

His breath is sweeter than new hay,

His face is fair and ruddy.

116 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD:

His shape is handsome, middle size;

He's comely in his wauking:

The shining of his een surprise;

It's heaven to hear him tawking.

Last night I met him on a barwk,

Where yellow corn was growing:

There mony a kindly word he spake,

That set my heart a-glowing.

He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,

And loo'd me best of ony;

That gars me like to sing sinsyne,

O corn-riggs are bonny.

Let lasses of a silly mind

Refuse what maist they're wanting!

Since we for yislding are design'd,

We chastly should be granting.

Then I'll comply, and marry PATE;

And syne my cockernony

He's free to touzel air or late,

Where corn-riggs are bonny.

Exeunt Omnes.

F I N I S.

*Familiar Epistles between Lieutenant WILLIAM
HAMILTON and ALLAN RAMSAY.*

EPISTLE I.

GILBERTFIELD, June 26th, 1719.

O Fam'd and celebrated ALLAN !
Renowned RAMSAY, canty callan,
There's nowther highlandman nor lawlan,
In poetic,
But may as soon ding down Tamtallan 4
As match wi' thee.

For ten times ten, and that's a hunder,
I ha'e been made to gaze and wonder,
When frae Parnassus thou didst thunder,
Wi' wit and skill,
Wherefore I'll soberly knock under, 8
And quat my quill.

Of poetry the hail quintessence
Thou has suck'd up, left nae excreffence,
To petty poets, or sic messens,
Tho' round thy stool,
They may pick crumbs, and lear some lessons 12
At Ramsay's school.

Tho' Ben and Dryden of renown
Were yet alive in London town,

4. *Tamtallan.*] An old fortification upon the
firth of Forth in East Lothian.

3. *Tho' Ben.*] The celebrated Ben Johnson.

118. FAMILIAR EPISTLES.

Like kings contending for a crown;
 'Twad be a pingle,
 Whilk o'you three wad gar words found 16
 And best to gingle.

Transform'd may I be to a rat,
 We'rt in my pow'r but I'd create
 'Thee upo' fight the laureat
 Of this our age,
 Since thou may'lt fairly claim to that 20
 As thy just wage.

Let modern poets bear the blame
 Gin they respect not Ramsay's name,
 Wha soon can gar them greet for shame,
 To their great loss;
 And send them a' right sneaking hame 24
 Be Weeping-crofs.

Wha bourds wi' thee had need be wary,
 And lear wi' skill thy thrust to parry,
 When thou consults thy dictionary
 Of ancient words,
 Which come from thy poetic quarry, 28
 As sharp as swords.

Now tho' I should baith reel and rattle,
 And be as light as Aristotle,

29 *The Laureat.*]

*Scots Ramsay press'd hard, and burdily vaunted,
 He'd fight for the laurel before he would want it:
 But ritit Apollo and cry'd, Peace there, old stile,
 Your wit is obscure to one half of the isle.*

B. Self. of Poets

FAMILIAR EPISTLES. 119

At Ed'nburgh we fall ha'e a bottle
Of reaming claret,
Gin that my haff-pay filler shottle
Can safely spare it. 32

At crambo then we'll rack our brain,
Drown ilk dull care and aiking pain,
Whilk aften does our spirits drain
Of true content;
Woy, woy! but we's be wonder fain,
When thus acquaint. 36

Wi' wine we'll gargarize our craig,
Then enter in a lasting league,
Free of ill aspect or intrigue,
And gin you please it,
Like princes when met at the Hague,
We'll solemnize it. 40

Accept of this, and look upon it
With favour, tho' poor I have done it;
Sae I conclude, and end my sonnet,
Who am most fully,
While I do wear a hat or bonnet,
Yours—*Wanton Willy*. 44

POSTSCRIPT.

BY this my postscript I incline
To let you ken my hail design

31. *Haff-pay.*] He held his commission honoura-
bly in my Lord Hyndford's regiment.

And may the stars who shine aboon
With honour notice real merit,

Be to my friend auspicious soon,

And cherish ay sae fine a spirit.

120 FAMILIAR EPISTLES.

Of sic a lang imperfect line,
Lies in this sentence,
To cultivate my dull engine 48
By your acquaintance.

Your answer therefore I expect,
And to your friend you may direct,
At Gilbertfield do not neglect
When ye have leisure,
Which I'll embrace with great respect, 50
And perfect pleasure.



A N S W E R I.

EDINBURGH, July 10th, 1719.

SONSE fa' me, witty, Wanton Willy,
Gin blyth I was na as a filly;
Not a fow pint, nor short-hought gilly,
Or wine that's better,
Cou'd please sae meikle, my dear Billy, 4
As thy kind letter.

Before a lord and eik a knight,
In goffy Don's be candle-light,
There first I saw't, and ca'd it right,
And the maist feck
Wha's seen't finfyne, they ca'd as tight 8
As that on Heck.

Ha, heh! thought I, I canna say
But I may cock my nose the day,
When Hamilton the bauld and gay
Lends me a heezy,

51 Gilbertfield.] Nigh Glasgow.

FAMILIAR EPISTLES. 121

In verse that slides fae smooth away, 12
Well tell'd and easy.

Sae roos'd by ane of well kend mettle,
Nae sma did my ambition pettle,
My canker'd critics it will nettle,
And e'en fae be't :
This month I'm sure I winna settle, 16
Sae proud I'm wi't.

When I begoud first to cun verse,
And cou'd your Ardry Whins rehearse,
Where Bonny Heck ran fast and fierce,
It warm'd my breast ;
Then emulation did me pierce, 20
Whilk since ne'er scaft.

May I be licket wi' a bittle,
Gin of your numbers I think little,
Ye're never rugget, shan, nor kittle,
But blyth and gabby.
And hit the spirit to a title, 24
Of standart Habby.

Ye'll quat your quill ! that were ill-willy,
Ye's sing some mair yet, nill ye will ye,
O'er meikle haining wad but spill ye,
And gar ye four,
Then up and war them a' yet Willy, 28
'Tis in your power.

To knit up dollars in a clout,
And then to card them round about,

18. *Ardry Whins,*] *The last words of Bonny Heck, of which he was author.*

24. *Standart Habby.*] *The elegy on Habby Sim-son, piper of Kilbarchan, a finish'd piece of its kind.*

Syne to tell up, they downa lout
 To list the gear;
 The malison lights on that rout, 32
 Is plain and clear.

The chieils of London, Cam, and Ox,
 Ha'e rais'd up great poetic stocks
 Of Rapes, of Buckets, Sarks and Locks,
 While we neglect
 To shaw their betters. This provokes 36
 Me to reflect.

On the lear'd days of Gawn Dunkell;
 Our country then a tale cou'd tell,
 Europe had nane mair snack and snell
 At verse or prose;
 Our kings were poets too themself, 40
 Bauld and jocose.

To Ed'nburgh, Sir, when e'er ye come,
 I'll wait upon ye, there's my thumb,
 Were't frae the gill bells to the drum,
 And tak a bout,
 And faith I hope we'll not sit dumb, 44
 Nor yet cast out.

37. *Gawn Dunkell.*] *Gawn Douglass, brother to the earl of Angus, bishop of Dunkell, who, besides several original poems, hath left a most exact translation of Virgil's Aeneis.*

40. *Our kings.*] *James the first and fifth.*

43. *Frae the gill bells.*] *From half an hour before twelve at noon, when the music-bells begin to play, frequently call'd the gill-bells from peoples taking a whetting dram at that time. To the drum, at ten a'clock at night, when the drum goes round to warn sober folks to call for a bill.*

EPISTLE II.

GILBERTFIELD, July 24th, 1719.

Dear RAMSAY,

WHEN I receiv'd thy kind epistle,
It made me dance, and sing, and whistle;
O sic a fikè and sic a fistle

I had about it!

That e'er was knight of the Scots thistle 4
Sae fain, I doubted.

The bonny lins therein thou sent me,
How to the nines they did content me;
Tho' Sir, sae high to compliment me,

Ye might deser'd,

For had ye but haff well a kent me, 8
Some less wad ser'd.

With joyfu' heart beyond expression,
They're safely now in my possession:

O gin I war a winter session,

Near by thy lodging,

I'd close attend thy new profession 123
Without e'er budging.

In even down earnest, there's but few
To vie with Ramsay dare avow,

4. Knight of the Scots thistle.] The antient and
noble order of knighthood, erected by king Achais.
The ordinary ensign, worn by the knights of the or-
der, was a green riband, to which was appended a
thistle of gold crown'd with an imperial crown;
within a circle of gold, with this motto. 'Nemo
me impune laceffet.'

Ia verse, for to gi'e thee thy due,
 And without fleetching,
 Thou's better at that trade, I trow, 16.
 Than some's at preaching.

For my part, till I'm better lear't,
 To troke with thee I'd best forbear't,
 For an' the fouk of Ed'nburgh hear't,
 They'll ca' me daft;
 I'm unco' iri and dirt feart 20
 I mak wrang waft.

Thy verses nice as ever nicket,
 Made me as canty as a cricket;
 I ergh to reply, lest I flick it,
 Sync like a coof
 I look, or ane whose pouch is picket 24
 As hare's my loof.

Heh winsom! how thy fast sweet style;
 And bonny auld words gar me smile;
 Thou's travell'd fare mony-a-mile
 Wi' charge and cost,
 To learn them thus keep rank and file, 28
 And ken their post.

For I maun tell thee honest Allie
 (I use the freedom so to call thee)
 I think them a' fae braw and walie,
 And in sic order,
 I wad nae care to be thy vallie, 32
 Or thy recorder.

Hast thou with Rosicrucians wandert,
 Or thro' some doncie desert dandert?

16. *Than some's at preaching.*] This compliment
 is entirely free of the fulsome hyperbole.

33. *Rosicrucians.*] A people deeply learned in the

FAMILIAR EPISTLES: 125

That with thy magic, town and landart,
 For ought I see,
 Maun a' come truckle to thy standart 36
 Of poetrie.

Do not mistake me, dearest heart,
 As if I charg'd thee with black art;
 'Tis thy good genius still alert,
 That does inspire
 Thee with ilk thing that's quick and smart 40
 To thy desire.

E'en mony a bonny knacky tale,
 Bra to set o'er a pint of ale:
 For fifty guineas I'll find bail,
 Against a bodle
 That I wad quat ilk day a mail, 44
 For sic a nodle.

And on condition I were as gabby,
 As either thee, or honest Habby,
 That I lin'd a' thy claes wi' tabby,
 Or velvet plush,
 And then thou'd be so far frae shabby, 48
 Thou'd look right sprush.

What tho' young empty airy sparks
 May have their critical remarks
 On thir my blyth diverting warks;
 'Tis sma presumption -
 To say they're but unlearned clarks, 52
 And want the gumption.

Let coxcomb critics get a tether
 To tye up a' their lang loose lether;
*occult sciences, who conversed with aerial beings,
 Gentleman-like kind of necromancers, or so.*

If they and I chance to forgether,
The tane may rue it,
For an' they winna had their blether,
They's get a flewet. 56

To learn them to peep and pry
In secret drolls 'twixt thee and I;
Pray dip thy pen in wrath, and cry,
And ca' them ske'lums,
I'm sure thou needs set little by -
To bide their bellums.

Wi' writing I'm fae bleirt and doited,
That when I raise, in troth I stoited;
I thought I shou'd turn capernoited,
For wi' a gird,
Upon my bum I fairly cloited
On the cauld eard;

Which did oblige a little dumple-
Upon my doup, close by my rumples:
But had ye seen how I did trumple,
Ye'd split your side,
Wi' mony a-lang and weary wimple,
Like trough of Clyde.



ANSWER II.

EDINBURGH, August 4th, 1719.

DEAR Hamilton, ye'll turn me dyver,
My muse fac bonny ye describe her;
Ye blaw her fae, I'm fear ye rive her,
For wi' a whid.

Gin ony higher up ye drive her, 4
 She'll rin red-wood.

Said I,——' Whisht (quoth the vougry Jade)
 ' William's a wife judicious lad,
 ' Has havins mair than e'er ye had,
 ' Ill-bred bog-staker ;
 ' But me ye ne'er sae crouse had craw'd, 8
 ' Ye poor scull-thacker.

' It sets ye well indeed to gadge !
 ' E'er I t' Apollo did ye cadge,
 ' And got ye on his honour's badge,
 ' Ungratefou beast,
 ' A Glasgow capon and a fadge 12
 ' Ye thought a feast.

' Swith, tó Castalius' fountain brink,
 ' Dad down a grouf, and take a drink,

4. *Rin red-wood.*] *Run distracted.*

7. *Ill-bred bog-staker, but me, &c.*] *The muse not unreasonably angry, puts me here in mind of the favours she has done, by bringing me from stalking over bogs or wild marshes, to lift my head a little brisker among the polite world, which could never have been acquired by the low movements of a mechanic. Scull-thacker, i. e. thatcher of sculls.*

9 *It sets you well indeed to gadge.*] *Ironically she says it becomes me mighty well to talk haughtily and affront my benefactors, by alledging so meanly, that it were possible to praise her out of her solidity.*

12 *A Glasgow capon, &c.*] *A herring. A fadge.*] *A coarse kind of leaven'd bread, used by the common people.*

14 *Dad down a grouf.*] *Fall flat on your belly.*

128 FAMILIAR EPISTLES.

‘ Syne whisk out paper, pen and ink,
 ‘ And do my bidding;
 ‘ Be thankfou, else I’se gar ye stink
 ‘ Yet on a midding.’ 16

My mistress dear, your servant humble,
 Said I, I shou’d be laith to drumble
 Your passions, or e’er gar ye grumble;
 ‘Tis ne’er be me
 Shall scandalize, or say ye bummil
 Ye’r poetrie. 20

Frae what I’ve tell’d my friend may learn
 How sadly I ha’e been forfairn,
 I’d better been a yont side Kairn-
 amount, I trow;
 I’ve kifs’d the taz, like a good bairn,
 Now, Sir, to you. 24

Heal be your heart, gay couthy carle,
 Lang may ye yelp to toom a barrel;
 Be thy crown ay unclowr’d in quarrel,
 When thou inclines
 To knoit thrawn gabbed fumphs that snarl
 At our frank lines. 28

Ilk good chiel says, ye’re weil worth gowd,
 And blythness on ye’s well bestow’d,
 ‘Mang witty Scots ye’r name’s be row’d,
 Ne’er fame to tine;
 ‘The crooked clinkers shall be cow’d,
 But ye shall shine. 32

23 *Kairn-amount.*] A noted hill in the north of Scotland.

24 *I’ve kifs’d the taz.*] *Kifs’d the road, own’d my fault like a good child.*

FAMILIAR EPISTLES. 129

Set out the burnt side of your shin,
 For pride in poets is nae fin;
 Glory's the prize for which they rin,
 And fame's their jo;
 And wha blaws best the horn shall win:
 And wharefore no?

36

Quisquis vocabit nos vain glorious,
 Shew scanter skill, than *malos mores*,
Multi et magni men before us
 Did stamp and swagger,
Probatum est, exemplum Horace
 Was a bauld bragger.

40

Then let the doofart's fash'd wi' spleen,
 Cast up the wrang side of their ceen,
 Pegh, fry, and girn, wi' spite and teen,
 And fa a flyting;
 Laugh, for the lively lads will screen
 Us frae back-biting.

44

If that the gypsies dinna spung us,
 And foreign whiskers ha'e na'dung us;
 Gin I can snifter thro' mundugus,
 Wi' boots and belt on,
 I hope to see you at St Mungo's
 Atween and beltan.

48

33. *Set out the burnt side of your shin.*] As if
 'one would say, *Walk stately with your toes-out.*
An expression used when we would bid a person
merrily, look brisk.

48. *St Mungo's.*] *The high church of Glasgow.*

EPISTLE III.

GILBERTFIELD, August 24th, 1719.

A CCEPT my third and last essay
 Of rural rhyme, I humbly pray,
 Bright Ramsay, and altho' it may
 Seem doilt and donsie,
 Yet thrice of all things, I heard say,
 Was ay right sonsie.

Wharefore I scarce cou'd sleep or slumber,
 'Till I made up that happy number;
 The pleasure counterpois'd the cumber,
 In every part,
 And snoov't away like three hand ombre,
 Sixpence a cart.

Of thy last poem, being date
 August the fourth I grant receipt;
 It was sae bra, gart me look blate,
 'Maist tyme my senses,
 And look jast like poor country Kate
 In Lucky Spence's.

I shaw'd it to our parish-priest,
 Wha was as bly as gi'm a feast;
 He says, thou may had up thy crest,
 And craw fu' crouse,

8. *Snoov't away.*] *Whirl'd smoothly round.*
Snooving always expresses the action of a top or
spindle, &c.

12. *Country Kate.*] *Vide Lucky Spence's elegy,*
Ramsay's Poems.

FAMILIAR EPISTLES. 131

The poets a' to thee's but jest, 16
Not worth a souce.

Thy blyth and cheerfu' merry muse,
Of compliments is sae profuse,
For my good havins dis me roose
Sae very finely,
It were ill breeding to refuse 20
To thank her kindly.

What tho' sometimes in angry mood,
When she puts on her barlichood,
Her dialect seem rough and rude,
Let's neer be fleet,
But tak our bit when it is good, 24
Aud buffet wi't.

For gin we ettle anes to taunt her,
And dinna cawmly thole her banter,
She'll take the flings; verse may grow scanter,
Syne wi' great shame
We'll rue the day that we do want her; 28
Then wha's to blame?

But let us still her kindness culzie,
And wi' her never breed a tulzie,
For we'll bring aff but little foulzie,
In sic a barter;
And she'll be fair to gar us fulzie, 32
And cry for quarter.

Sae little worth's my rhyming ware,
My pack I scarce dare apen mair,

27. *She'll take the flings.] Turn fullen, reslive,
and kick.*

'Till I tak better wi' the lair,
My pen's fae blunted;
And a for fear I file the fair,
And be affronted.

The dull draff drink makes me fae dowff,
A' I can do's but bark and yowff;
Yet fet me in a claret howff,
Wi' fouk that's chancy,
My muse may len me then a gowff
To clear my fancy.

Then Bacchus like I'd bawl and bluster,
And a' the muses 'bout me muster;
Sae merrily I'd squeeze the cluster,
And drink the grape,
'Twad gi'e my verse a brighter lustre,
And better shape.

The pow'rs aboon be still auspicious
To thy atchievements maist delicious;
Thy poems' sweet and nae way vicious,
But blyth and kanny:
To see I'm anxious and ambitious,
Thy miscellany.

A' blessings, Ramsay, on thee row;
Lang may thou live, and thrive, and dow,

36. *For fear I file the fair.*] This phrase is used when one attempts to do what's handsome, and is affronted by not doing it right.—not a reasonable fear in him.

37. *Dull draff-drink.*] *Heavy malt-liquor.*

49. *A' blessings, &c.*] All this verse is a succinct cluster of kind wishes, elegantly express'd. with a

FAMILIAR EPISTLES. 133

Until thou claw an auld man's pow;
 And thro' thy creed,
 Be keeped frae the wirricow 52
 After thou's dead.



A N S W E R III.

EDINBURGH, September 2d, 1719.

My Trusty TROJAN,

THY last oration orthodox,
 Thy innoeent auld farren jokes,
 And sonsie saw of three, provokes
 Me anes again,
 Tod lowrie like, to loose my pocks, 4
 And pump my brain.

By a' your letters I ha'e read,
 I eithly scan the man well-bred,
 And foger that, where honour led,
 Has ventur'd baul'd;
 Wha' now to youngsters leaves the yed, 8
 To 'tend his fald.

That bang'ler billy, Caesar July,
 Wha at Pharsalia wan the tooily,
friendly spirit, to which I take the liberty to add.
 Amen.

4. *Tod lowrie like] Like Reynard the fox, to betake myself to some more of my wiles.*

8. *Leaves the yed to 'tend his fald.] Leaves the martial contention, and retires to a country life.*

Had better sped, had he mair hoosly
Scamper'd thro' life,
And 'midst his glories leath'd his gooly,
And kiss'd his wife. 12

Had he, like you, as well he cou'd,
Upon burn banks the muses woo'd.
Retir'd betimes frae 'mong the crowd,
Wha'd been aboon him?
The senate's durks, and faction loud,
Had ne'er undone him.

Yet sometimes leave the riggs and bog,
Your howms, and braes, end shady scrog,
And helm a lee the claret cog,
To clear your wit :
Be blyth, and let the world c'en shog,
As it thinks fit.

Ne'er fash about your next year's state,
Nor with superiors debate,
Nor cantrapes cast to ken your fate;
 There's ills anew
To cram our days which soon grow late; 24
Let's live just now.

When northern blasts the ocean foul,
And gars the heights and haws look gurl,
Then left about the bumper whirl,
And toom the horn,

13. *As well he cou'd.] 'Tis well known he could write as well as fight.*

27. Toom the horn.] 'Tis frequent in the country to drink beer out of horn-cups, made in shape of a winter glass.

FAMILIAR EPISTLES. 135

Grip fast the hours which hasty hurl, 28
The morn's the morn.

Thus to Leuconoe sang sweet Flaccus,
Wha nane e'er thought a Gillygacus :
And why should we let whimsies bawk us,
When joy's in season,
And thole sae aft the spleen to whauk us. 32
Out of our reason ?

'Tho' I were laird of tenscore acres,
Nodding to jouks of hallen-shakers,
Yet crush'd wi' humdrums, which the weaker's
Contentment ruins,
I'd rather roest wi' caufey rakers, 36
And sup cauld sowens.

I think, my friend, an fowk can get
A doll of roast beef pyping het,
And wi' red wine their wyson wet,
And cleathing clean,
And be nae sick, or drown'd in debt, 40
They're no to mean.

I read this verse to my ain kimmer,
Wha kens I like a leg of gimmer,

29. *Thus to Leuconoe:] Vide Book I. ix. Ode
of Horace.*

34. *Hallen-shakers.] A halien is a fence (built of
stone, turf, or a moveable flake of leather) at the
sides of the door in country places, to defend them
from the wind. The trembling attendant about a
forgetful great man's gate or levee, is also expressed
in the term hallen-shaker.*

136 FAMILIAR EPISTLES.

Or sic and sic good belly timmer ;
 Quoth she, and leugh,
 ‘ Sicker of thae winter and simmer, 44
 , Ye’re well enough.’

My hearty goss, there is nae help,
 But hand to nive we twa maun skelp
 Up Rhine and Thames, and o’er the Alp-
 pines and Pyrenians.
 The chearfou carles do sae yelp 48
 To ha’e’s their minions.

Thy raffan rural rhyme sae rare,
 Sic wordy, wanton, hand-wail’d ware,
 Sae gash and gay, gars fowk gae gare
 To ha’e them by them;
 Tho’ gassin they wi’ sides sae fair, 52
 Cry, ‘ Wae gae by him!’

Fair fa that soger did invent
 To ease the poets toil wi’ print:
 Now, William, we maun to the bent,
 And poufs our fortune,
 And crack wi’ lads wha’re well content 56
 Wi’ this our sporting.

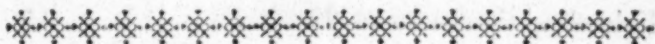
51. *Gars fowk gre gare.*] *Make people very car-*
nest.

52. *Wi’ sides sae fair, cry, ‘ Wae gae by him!’*
’Tis usual for many, after a full laugh, to complain
of sore sides, and to bestow a kindly curse on the
author of the jest: but the folks of more tender con-
sciences have turned expletives to friendly wishes,
such as this; or, Sonse fa’ ye,’ and the like.

FAMILIAR EPISTLES. 137

Gin ony four mou'd girning bucky,
 Ca' me conceity keckling chucky,
 That we like nags whafe necks are yucky,
 Ha'e us'd our teeth;
 I'll answer fine,——Gae kifs ye'er Lucky, 60
 She dwells i' Leith.

I ne'er wi lang tales fash my head,
 But when I speak, I speak indeed:
 Wha ca's me droll, but ony feed,
 I'll own I am fae:
 And while my champers can chew bread, 64
 Yours—ALLAN RAMSAY.



*An Epistle to Lieutenant HAMILTON, on the re-
 ceiving the Compliment of a Barrel of Lochfin
 Herrings from him.*

YOUR herrings, Sir, came hale and feer,
 In healsome brine a' soumin,
 Fu' fat they are and gusty gear,
 As e'er I laid my thumb on;
 Bra fappy fish 5
 As ane cou'd wish

60. *Gae kifs ye'r Lucky, &c.] Is a cant phrase,
 from what rise I know not; but 'tis made use of
 when one thinks it is not worth while to give a di-
 rect answer, or think themselves foolishly accused.*

1. *Hale and feer.] Whole, without the least fault
 or want.*

138 FAMILIAR EPISTLES.

To clap on fadge or leon;
 They relish fine
 Good claret wine,
 That gars our cares stand yon. 10

Right mony gabs wi' them shall gang
 About Auld Reekie's ingle,
 When kedgy carles think nae lang,
 Where stoups and trunchers gingle;
 Then my friend leal, 20
 We tofs ye'r heal,
 And with bald brag advance,
 What's hoorded in
 Lochs Broom end Fin
 Might ding the stocks of France. 25

A jelly sum to carry on
 A fishery's design'd,
 Twa million of good Sterling pounds,
 By men of money's sign'd.
 Had ye but seen 30
 How unco keen
 And thrang they were about it,
 That we are bald,
 Right rich, and ald-
 Farran, ye ne'er wad doubted. 35

Now, now, I hope we'll ding the Dutch,
 As fine as a round Robbin,
 Gin greediness to grow soon rich
 Invites not to stock jobbing;

19. *Broom and Fin.*] *Two lochs on the western seas, where plenty of herrings are taken.*

22. *A fishery.*] *The Royal fishery; success to which is the wish and hope of every good man.*

FAMILIAR EPISTLES. 139

That poor bofs shade	40
Of finking trade,	
And weather-glaſs politic,	
Which heaves and ſets	
As publick gets	
A heezy or a wee kick.	45.
Fy, fy! but yet I hope 'tis daſt	
To fear that trick come hither;	
Na, we're aboon that dirty craft	
Of biting ane anither.	
The ſubject rich	50
Will gi' a hitch	
T' increaſe the public gear,	
When on our ſeaſ,	
Like biſy bees,	
Ten thouſand fiſhers ſteer.	55
Could we catch the united ſhoals	
That crowd the weſtern ocean,	
The Indies wou'd prove hungry holes,	
Compar'd to this our Goſhen :	
Then let's to wark	60
With net and bark,	
Them fiſh and faithfu' cure up ;	
Gin ſae we join,	
We'll cleck in coin	
Frae a' the ports of Europe.	65
Thank's t'ye, Captain, for this ſwath	
Of our ſtore, and your favour ;	
Gin I be ſpared, your love to match	
Shall ſtill be my endeavour.	
Next unto you,	70
My ſervice due	

140 FAMILIAR EPISTLES.

Please gi'e to Matthew Cumin,
Wha with fair heart
Has play'd his part,
And sent them true and trim in.

75

67. *Matthew Cumin*] *Merchant in Glasgow,*
and one of the late magistrates of that city.

F I N I S.



A G L O S S A R Y,

O R

EXPLANATION of the *Scotch* words used by the author, which are rarely or never found in the modern *English* language.

Some general rules, shewing wherein many Southern and Northern words are originally the same, having only a letter changed for another, or sometimes one taken away or added.

I. In many words ending with an *l* after an *a* or *u*, the *l* is rarely founded.

II. The *l* changes to *a*, *w*, or *u*, after *o* or *a*, and is frequently sunk before a consonant; as,

<i>Scots.</i>	<i>English.</i>
A'	ALL
Ba	Ball
Ca	Call
Fa	Fall
Ga	Gall
Ha	Hall
Sma	Small
Sta	Stall
Wa	Wall
Fou or Fu	Full
Pou or Pu	Pull
Woo or U	Wool

<i>Scots.</i>	<i>English.</i>
BAwm	BAlm
Bauk	Baulk
Bouk	Baulk
Bow	Boll
Bowt	Bolt
Caff	Calf
Cow	Coll or Clip
Faut	Fault
Fowk	Folk
Fawn	Fallen
Gowd	Gold
Haff	Half

<i>Scotch</i>	<i>English.</i>	<i>Scotch</i>	<i>English.</i>
How	Hole or Hollow	Alane	Alone
Howms	Holms	Amaist	Almost
Maut	Malt	Amang	Among
Pow	Poll	Airs	Oars
Row	Roll	Aits	Oats
Scawd	Scald	Apen	Open
Stown	Stoln	Awner	Owner
Wawk	Walk	Bain	Bone
		Bair	Bore
		Baith	Both
III. An <i>o</i> before <i>ld</i> ,		Blaw	Blow
changes to an <i>a</i> or <i>au</i> ; as,		Braid	Broad
<i>Scots.</i>	<i>English.</i>	Claith	Cloth
Auld	OLD	Craw	Crow
Bauld	Bold	Drap	Drop
Cauld	Cold	Fae	Foe
Fauld	Fold	Frae	Fro or from
Hald or had	Hold	Gae	Go
Sald	Sold	Gaits	Goats
Tald	Told	Grane	Grone
Wad	Would	Haly	Holy
		Hale	Whole
IV. The <i>o</i> , <i>oe</i> , or <i>ow</i> ,		Halefome	Wholesome
is changed to <i>a</i> , <i>ae</i> , or		Hame	Home
<i>ai</i> ; as,		Hait or het	Hot
<i>Scots.</i>	<i>English.</i>	Laith	Loath
AE or ane	ONE	Laid	Load
Acten	Oaten	Lain or len	Loan
Aff	Off	Lang	Long
Aften	Often	Law	Low
Aik	Oak	Mae	Moe
Aith	Oath	Maist	Most
Ain or awn	Own	Mair	More

<i>Scotch.</i>	<i>English.</i>	<i>Scotch.</i>	<i>English.</i>
Mane	Moan	Wame	Womb
Maw	Mow	Wan	Won
Na	No	War	Worse
Nane	None	Wark	Work
Naithing	Nothing	Warld	World
Pape	Pope	Wha	Who
Rae	Roe		
Rair	Roar	V. The <i>o</i> or <i>u</i> is frequently changed into <i>i</i> ; as,	
Raip	Rope		
Raw	Row		
Saft	Soft	<i>Scotch</i>	<i>English.</i>
Saip	Soap	ANither	ANother
Sair	Sore	Bill	Bull
Sang	Song	Birn	Burn
Slaw,	Slow.	Brither	Brother
Snaw	Snow	Fit	Foot
Strake	Stroak	Fither	Fother
Staw	Stole	Hinny	Honey
Stane	Stone	Ither	Other
Saul	Soul	Mither	Mother
Tae	Toe	Nits	Nuts
Taiken	Token	Nife	Nose
Tangs	Tongs	Pit	Put
Tap	Top	Rin	Run
Thrang	Throng	Sin	Sum.
Wae	Woe		

A

A Blins, perhaps,
 Aboon, above.
 Aikerbraid, the breadth
 of an acre.
 Air, long since, early.
 Air up, soon in the
 morning.
 Ambrie, cup-board.
 Anew, enough.
 Arles, earnest of a bar-
 gain.
 Ase, ashes.
 At ains, or at anes, at
 once, at the sametime.
 Attour, out-over.
 Auld-farren, ingenious.
 Aurglebargin,* or eag-
 glebargin, to contend
 and wrangle.
 Awfome, frightful, ter-
 rible.
 Aynd, the breath.

B

B Ack-sey, a furloin.
 Badrans, a cat.
 Baid, staid, abode.
 Bairns, children.
 Balen, whale-bone.

Bang, is sometimes an
 action of haste. We
 say he or it came wi' a
 bang. — A bang also
 means a great number.
*Of customers she had a
 bang.*

Bangster, a blustering
 roaring person.

Bannocks, a sort of bread
 thicker than cakes, and
 round.

Barken'd, when mire,
 blood, &c. hardens u-
 pon a thing like bark.

Barlikhood, a fit of drun-
 ken angry passion.

Barrow-trams, the staves
 of a hand-barrow.

Batts, cholic.

Bawbee, halfpenny.

Bauch, sorry, indifferent.

Bawfy, bawfand-fac'd,
 is a cow or a horse with
 a white face.

Bedeem, immediately, in
 haste.

Bast, beaten.

Begoud, began.

Begrutten, all in tears.

- Beik, to bask.
 Beild, or beil, a shelter.
 Bein, or been, wealthy.
 A been house, a warm well-furnished one.
 Beit, or beet, to help, repair.
 Bells, bubbles.
 Beltan, the 3d of May, or Rood-day.
 Bended, drunk hard.
 Benn, the inner room of a house.
 Bennison, blessing.
 Benfell, or benfail, force.
 Bent, the open field.
 Beuk, baked.
 Bicker, a wooden dish.
 Bickering, fighting, running quickly; school-boys battling with stones.
 Bigg, build. Bigget, built. Biggings, buildings.
 Biggonet, a linen cap or coif.
 Billy, brother.
 Byre, or byar, a cow-stall.
 Birks, birch-trees.
 Birle, to drink. Common people joining their farthings for purchasing liquor, they call it, bir-ling a bawbee.
 Birn, a burnt mark.
 Birns, the stalks of burnt heath.
 Birr, force, flying swiftly with a noise.
 Birs'd, bruised.
 Bittle, or bettle, a wooden mull for beating hemp, or a fuller's club.
 Black - a - vic'd, of a black complexion.
 Blae, pale blue, the colour of the skin when bruised.
 Biaffum, beguile.
 Blate, bashful.
 Blatter, a rattling noise.
 Bleeck, to blanch or whiten.
 Bleer to make the eye water.
 Bleez, blaze.
 Blether, foolish discourse.
 Bletherer, a babbler. Stammering is called blethering.
 Blin, cease. Never blin, never have done.
 Blinkan, the flame rising and falling, as of a lamp when the oil is exhausted.

- Boak, or broke, vomit. rustics bridle their horses.
 Boal, a little press or cupboard in the wall. Brattle, noise as of horse-feet.
 Bodin, or bodden, provided or furnished. Brats, rags.
 Bodle, one sixth of a penny English. Braw, brave, fine in apparel.
 Bodword, an ominous message. Brecken, fearn.
 Bowards, are now used to express ill-natured messages. Brent - brow, smooth high forehead.
 Bosilebo, hobgoblin or spectre. Brigs, bridges.
 Bpay, beautiful. Briss, to press.
 Bonywalys, toys, gewgaws. Brack, a badger.
 Boss, empty. Broe, broth.
 Boul, bulk. Browden, fond.
 Bourd, jest or dally. Browster, brewer.
 Bouze, to drink. Browlt, a brewing.
 Brochen, a kind of water-gruel of oat-meal, butter, and honey. Bruliment, a broil.
 Brae, the side of a hill, bank of a river. Bucky, the large sea-snail. A term of reproach, when express we a cross-natured fellow, by a thrown bucky.
 Braird, the first sprouting of corns. Buff, nonsense. As, *He blether'd buff*.
 Brander, a gridiron. Bought, the little fold where the ewes are inclosed at milking-time.
 Brands, calves, of the legs. Buller, to bubble. The motion of water at a spring-head, or noise or rise of a tide.
 Brankan, prancing, a capering. Bumbazed, confused. Made to stare and look like an idiot.
 Branka, wherewith the

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Bung completely fuddled, as it were to the bung.

Bunkers, a bench, or sort of long low chests that serve for seats.

Bumbler, a bungler.

Burn, a brook.

Bulk, to deck. dress.

Bustine, fustian (cloth.)

But, often for without; as but *seed or favour*.

Bykes or bikes, nests or hives of bees.

Bygane, bypast.

By-word, a proverb.

C

CAdge, carry. Cadger, is a country carrier.

Caff, a calf. Chaff.

Callan, a boy.

Camschough, stern, grim, of a distorted countenance.

Cangle, to wrangle.

Cankerd, angry, passionately snarling.

Canna, cannot.

Cant, to tell merry old tales.

Cantrips, incantations.

Canty, chearful and merry.

Capernoited, whimsical, ill-natur'd.

Car, sledge.

Carena, care not.

Carle, an old word for a man.

Carline, an old woman.

Girecarline, a giant's wife.

Cathel, an hot pot, made of ale, sugar, and eggs.

Cauldrife, spiritless.

Wanting chearfulness in address.

Cauler, cool or fresh.

Cawk, chalk.

Chafsts, chops.

Chaping, an ale-measure or stoup, somewhat less than an English quart.

A-char or a-jar, aside.

When any thing is beat a little out of its position, or a door or window a little opened, we say, They're a-char or a-jar.

Charlewain, Charleswain, the constellation called the Plow, or Ursa Major.

- Chaney, fortunate, good-natured.
 Chat, a cant name for the gallows.
 Chiel, a general term like fellow, used sometimes with respect; as, *He's a very good chiel*, and contemptuously, *That chiel*.
 Chirm, chirp and sing like a bird.
 Chucky, a hen.
 Clan, tribe, family.
 Clank, a sharp blow or stroke that makes a noise.
 Clashes, chat.
 Clatter, to chatter.
 Claught, took hold.
 Claver, to speak nonsense.
 Claw, scratch.
 Cleek, to catch as with a hook.
 Cleugh, a den betwixt rocks.
 Clinty, hard, stony.
 Clock, a beetle.
 Clotted, the fall of any soft moist thing.
 Closs, a court or square: and frequently a lane or alley.
 Clour, the little lump that rises on the head occasioned by a blow or fall.
 Clute or cloot, hoof of cows or sheep.
 Cockernony, the gathering of a woman's hair when its wrapt or snooded up with a band or snood.
 Cockstool, a pillory.
 Cod, a pillow.
 Coft, bought.
 Cog, a pretty large wooden dish the country people put their pottage in.
 Cogle, when a thing moves backwards and forewards inclining to fall.
 Coodies, a small wooden vessel, used by some for chamber-pots.
 Coof, a stupid fellow.
 Coor, to cover.
 Cooser, a ston'd horse.
 Coost, did cast. Coosten, thrown.
 Corby, a raven.
 Cosie, sheltered in a convenient place.
 Cotter, a subtenant.

- Cowp, to fall; also a fall.
 Cowp, to change, barter.
 Cowp, a company of people; as merry, senseless, corky cowp.
 Cour, to croutch and creep.
 Couth, frank and kind.
 Crack, to chat.
 Creel, basket.
 Crish, grease.
 Croil a crooked dwarf.
 Croonor crune, to murmur or hum over a song The lowing of bulls.
 Crouse, bold.
 Crove, a cottage.
 Crummy, a cow's name.
 Cryn, shrink, or become less by drying.
 Cudeigh, a bribe, present.
 Culzie, entice or flatter.
 Cun, to taste, learn, know.
 Cunzie or coonie, coin.
 Curn, a small parcel.
 Cursche, a kerchief. A linen dress wore by our Highland women.
 Cutled, used kind and gaining methods for obtaining love and friendship
 Cutts, lots. These cuts are usually made of straws unequally cut.
 Cutty, short.

D

- D**AB, a proficient.
 Dad, to beat one thing against another. *He fell wi' a dad. He daddled his head against the wall, &c.*
 Daft, foolish, and sometimes wanton.
 Daffin, folly, waggery.
 Dail or dale, a valley, a plain.
 Daintiths, dainties, delicates.
 Dainty, is used as an epithet of a fine man or woman.
 Dander, wander to and fro, or saunter.
 Dang, did ding, beat, thrust, drive.
 Ding dang, moving hastily one on the back of another.
 Darn, to hide.

- Dash, to put out of countenance
 Dawty, a fondling, darling. To dawt, to cocker, and caress with tenderness.
 Deave, to stun the ears with noise.
 Dees, dairy maids.
 Deray, merriment, jollity, solemnity, tumult, disorder, noise.
 Dern, secret, hidden, lonely.
 Deval, to descend, fall, hurry.
 Dewgs, rags, or shapings of cloth.
 Didle, to act or move like a dwarf.
 Dight, decked, made ready; also, to clean.
 Dinna, do not.
 Dirle, a smarting pain quickly over.
 Dit, to stop or close up a hole.
 Divet, broad turf.
 Docken, a dock (the herb.)
 Doilt, confused and silly.
 Doited, dozed or crazy, as in old age.
 Doll, a large piece, dole or share.
 Donk, moist.
 Donsie, affectedly neat.
 Clean, when applied to any little person.
 Dcofart, a dull heavy-headed fellow.
 Dool or drule, the goal which gamesters strive to gain first, (as at foot-ball.)
 Dool, pain, grief.
 Dorts, a proud pet.
 Dorty, proud, not to bespoken to, conceited, appearing as disobliged.
 Dofend, cold, impotent.
 Dought, could, avail'd.
 Doughty, strong, valiant, and able.
 Douks, dives under water.
 Doufe, solid, grave, prudent.
 Dow, to will, to incline, to thrive.
 Dow, dove.
 Dow'd (liquor,) that's dead, or has lost the spirits; or withered (plant.)
 Dowff, mournful, wanting vivacity.
 Dowie, melancholy, sad, doleful.

Downa, dōw not; *i. e.* though one has the power, he wants the heart to it.

Dowp, the arse, the small remains of a candle, the bottom of an egg-shell. *Better haff egg as toom dowp.*

Drant, to speak slow, after a sighing manner.

Dree, to suffer, endure.

Dreery, wearisome, frightful.

Dreigh, slow, keeping at distance. Hence an ill payer of his debts, we call dreigh. Tedious.

Dribs, drops.

Drizel, a little water in a rivulet, scarce appearing to run.

Droning, sitting lazily, or moving heavily.

Speaking with groans.

Drouked, drenched, all wet.

Dubs, mire.

Dung, defeat.

Dunt, stroke or blow.

Dunty, a doxy.

Durk, a poignard or dagger.

Dygles, trembles, shakes.
Dyver, a bankrupt.

E

E Ags, incites, stirs up.

Eard, earth, the ground.

Edge (of a hill,) is the side or top.

Een, eyes.

Eild, age.

Eildeens, of the same age.

Eith, easy. Either, easier.

Elbuck, elbow.

Elf-shot, bewitched; shot by fairies.

Elson, a shoemaker's awl.

Elritch, wild, hideous, uninhabited, except by imaginary ghosts.

Endlang, along.

Ergh, scrupulous, when one makes faint attempts to do a thing, without a steady resolution.

Erf, time past.

Estler, hewn stone.

Buildings of such we call estler-work.

Ether; an adder,
 Ettle, to aim, design.
 Even'd, compar'd.
 Eydent, diligent, labo-
 rious.

F

FA, a trap, such as
 is used for catch-
 ing rats or mice.

Fae, a foe, an enemy.

Fadge, a spongy sort of
 bread in shape of a roll.

Fag, to tire, or turn
 weary.

Fail, thick turf, such as
 are used for building
 dykes for folds, inclo-
 sures, &c.

Fain, expresses earnest
 desire; as, *Fain would*
I. Also, joyful, tick-
 led with pleasure.

Fait, neat, in good or-
 der.

Fairfaw, when we wish
 well to one, that a
 good or fair fate may
 besal him.

Fang, the talons of a
 fowl. To fang, to
 grip, or hold fast.

Fash, vex or trouble.

Fashous, troublesome.

Faugh, a colour be-
 tween white and red.

Faugh riggs, fallow
 ground.

Feck, a part, quantity;
 as, maist feck, the
 greatest number; nae
 feck, very few.

Feckfow, able, active.

Feckless, feeble, little,
 and weak.

Feed or sead, feud, ha-
 tred, quarrel.

Feil, many, several.

Fen, shift. Fending,
 living by industry.

Mak a fen, fall upon
 methods.

Ferlie, wonder.

Fernzier, the last, or
 fore-run year.

File, to defile or dirty.

Fireslaught, a flash of
 lightning.

Fistle, to stir. A stir.

Fittled, the print of the
 foot.

Fizzing, whizzing.

Flassing, moving up and
 down, raising wind by
 motion, as birds with-
 their wings.

Flags, flashes, as of
 wind and fire.

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- Flane, an arrow.
 Flang, flung.
 Flaugher, to pare turf
 from the ground.
 Flaw, lie or fib.
 Fleetch, to cox or flat-
 ter.
 Fleg, fright.
 Flewet, a smart blow.
 Fley or fle, to affright.
 Fleyt, afraid or terrified.
 Flinders, splinters.
 Flit, to remove.
 Flite or flyte, to scold,
 chide. Flet, did scold.
 Flushes, floods.
 Fog, moss.
 Foordays, the morning
 far advanced, fair day
 light.
 Forby, besides.
 Forebearers, forefathers,
 ancestors.
 Forfain, abused, be-
 spattered.
 Forfaughten, weary,
 faint, and out of breath
 with fighting.
 Forgainst, opposite to.
 Forgether, to meet, en-
 counter.
 Forleet, forsake or for-
 get.
 Forestam, the forehead.
- Fouth, abundance, plen-
 ty.
 Fozy, spongy, soft.
 Frai, to make a noise.
 We use to say one
maks a frais, when
 they boast, wonder,
 and talk more of a
 matter than it is wor-
 thy of or will bear.
 Fray, busile, fighting.
 Freik, a fool, light, im-
 pertinent fellow.
 Fremit, strange, not a-
 kin.
 Fristed, trusted.
 Frush, brittle, like bread
 baked with butter.
 Fuff, to blow. Fussia,
 blowing.
 Furder, prosper.
 Furthy, forward.
 Fush, brought.
 Furlet, four pecks.
 Fyk, to be restless, un-
 easy.

G.

G AB, the mouth.
 To prat. Gab
 sae gash.
 Gabbing, prattling pert-
 ly. To gab again,

when servants give saucy returns when reprimanded.

Gabby, one of a ready and easy expression; the same with auld gabbet.

Gadge, to dictate impertinently, talk idly with a stupid gravity.

Gafaw, a hearty loud laughter.

To gawf, laugh.

Gait, a goat.

Gams, gums.

Gar, to cause, make or force.

Gare, greedy, rapacious, earnest to have a thing.

Gash, solid, sagacious. One with a long chin, we call gash-gabbet, gash-beard.

Gate, way.

Gaunt, yawn.

Gawky, idle, staring, idiotical person.

Gawn, going.

Gaws, galls.

Gawfy, jolly, buxome.

Geek, to mock.

Geed or gade, went.

Genty, handsome, genteel.

Get or brat; a child; by way of contempt or derision.

Gielanger, an ill debtor.

Gif, if.

Gillygacus or gillygapus, a staring gaping fool; a gormandizer.

Gilpy, a rogueish boy.

Gimmer, a young sheep (cw.)

Gin, if.

Gird, to strike, pierce.

Girn, to grin, snarl; also a snare or trap, such as boys make of horse-hair to catch birds.

Girth, a hoop.

Glaiks, an idle good-for-nothing fellow.

Glaiked, foolish, wanton, light. To give the glaiks, to beguile one, by giving him his labour for his pains.

Glaister, to bawl or bark.

Glamour, juggling.

When devils, wizards, or jugglers deceive the sight, they are said to cast glamour over the eyes of the spectator.

Glar, mire, oozy mud.

Glee, to squint.

- Gleg**, sharp, quick, active.
Glen, a narrow valley between mountains.
Gloom, to scowl or frown.
Glowming, the twilight, or evening-gloom.
Glowr, to stare, look stern.
Glunsh, to hang the brow, and grumble.
Góan, a wooden dish for meat.
Goolie, a large knife.
Gorlings or **gorblings**, young unfledg'd birds.
Gossie, Gossip.
Gowans, daisies.
Gove, to look broad and stedfast, holding up the face.
Gowf, besides the known game, a racket or sound blow on the chops, we call a gowf on the hafter.
Gowk, the cuckow. In derision we call a thoughtless fellow, and one who harps too long on one subject, a gowk.
Gowl, a howling, to bel-low and cry.
Gousty, ghastly, large, waste, desolate, and frightful.
Grany, grandmother, any old woman.
Grape, a trident fork ; also to grope.
Gree, prize, victory.
Green, to long for.
Greet, to weep. **Grat**, wept.
Grieve, an overseer.
Gross, gross, coarse.
Grotts, mill'd oats.
Grouf, to lie flat on the belly.
Grounche or **glunsh**, to murmur, grudge.
Grutten, wept.
Gryse, a pig.
Gumption, good sense.
Gurly, rough, bitter, cold (weather).
Gysened, when the wood of any vessel is shrunk with dryness.
Gytlings, young children.

H

H Affet, the cheeks
 side of the head.
Hagabag, coarse napery.

- Haggise, a kind of pudding made of the lungs and liver of a sheep, and boiled in the big bag.
 Hags, hacks, peat-pits, or breaks in mossy ground.
 Hain, to save, manage narrowly.
 Holesome, wholesome; as, hale, whole.
 Hallen, a screen.
 Hameld, domestic.
 Hamely, friendly, frank, open, kind.
 Hanty, convenient, handsome.
 Harle, drag.
 Harns, brains. Harnpan, the scull.
 Harship, ruin.
 Hash, a sloven.
 Haveren or havrel, id.
 Haughs, valleys, or low grounds on the sides of rivers.
 Havins, good breeding.
 Haviour, behaviour.
 Hafs, the throat, or fore part of the neck.
 Heal or heel, health or whole.
 Heepy, a person hypochondriac.
 Heeryestræn, the night before yesternight.
 Heez, to lift up a heavy thing a little. A heezy is a good lift.
 Hestit, accustomed to live in a place.
 Heght, promised; also, named.
 Hempy, a tricky wag, such for whom the hemp grows.
 Hereit, ruined in estate, broke, spoiled.
 Hesp, a clasp or hook, bar, or bolt; also, in yarn, a certain number of threads.
 Hether-bells, the heath-blossom.
 Hough, a rock or steep hill; also, a coal-pit.
 Hiddils or hidlings, lurking, hiding-places. To do a thing in hidlings, *i. e.* privately.
 Hirple, to move slowly and lamely.
 Hirsle or birdsale, a flock of cattle.
 Ho, a single stocking.
 Hobbleshew, a confused racket, noise.
 Hool, husk. Hool'd, inclosed.

Hooly, slow.	fore, is to move like a
Hoft or whoft, to cough.	balk up and down, to
How or hu, a cap or	this and the other fide.
roof-tree.	Jig, to crack, make a
How, low ground, a	noise like a cart-wheel.
hollow.	Jiap, slender.
How! ho!	Jip, gypfic.
Howdered, hidden.	Ilk, each. Ilka, every.
Howdy, midwife.	Ingan. onion.
Howk, to dig.	Ingle, fire.
Howms, plains, or ri-	Jo, sweet-heart.
ver-fides.	Jowk, a low bow.
Howt! fy!	Irie, fearful, terrified,
Howtowdy, a young	as if afraid of some
hen.	ghost or apparition.
Hurkle, to croutch, or	Also melancholy.
bow together like a	I'fe, I shall; as I'll,
cat, hedge-hog, or	for I will.
hare.	Illes, embers.
Hxt, a hovcl.	Junt, a large joint or
Hyt, mad.	piece of meat.
	Jute, four or dead li-
	quor.
	Jybe, to mock. Gibe,
	taunt.

J

J Ack, jacket.
 Jag, to prick as
 with a pin.
 Jaw, a wave or gush of
 water.
 Jawp, the dashing of
 water.
 Icefhogles, icicles.
 Jee, to incline to one
 fide. To jee back and

K

K Aber, a rafter.
 Kale or kail, cole-
 wort, and sometimes
 broth.
 Kacky, to dung.

- Main, a part of a farm-
 rent paid in fowls.
 Kame, comb.
 Kanny or canny, fortun-
 ate; also warry, one
 who manages his affairs
 discreetly.
 Kebbuck, a cheese.
 Keckle, to laugh, to be
 noisy.
 Kedgy, jovial.
 Keek, to peep.
 Kelt, cloth with a freeze,
 commonly made of na-
 tive black wool.
 Kemp, to strive who
 shall perform most of
 the same work in the
 same time.
 Ken, to know; used in
 England as a noun. A
 thing within ken, *i. e.*
 within view.
 Keut, a long staff, such
 as shepherds use for
 leaping over ditches.
 Kepp, to catch a thing
 that moves towards
 one.
 Kiest, did cast. Vid.
 Coost.
 Kilted, tuck'd up.
 Kimmer, a female gossip.
 Kirn, a churn, to churn.
 Kirtle, an upper petti-
 coat.
 Kitchen, all sort of eat-
 ables except bread.
 Kittle, difficult, myste-
 rious, knotty (writ-
 ings.)
 Kittle, to tickle, tick-
 list.
 Knacky, witty and fa-
 cetious.
 Knoit, to beat or strike
 sharply.
 Knoos'd, buffeted and
 bruised.
 Knoost or knuist, a
 large lump.
 Know, a hillock.
 Knublock, a knob.
 Knuckles, only used in
 Scotch for the joints
 of the fingers next the
 back of the hand.
 Kow, goblin, or any
 person one stands in
 awe to disoblige, and
 fears.
 Ky, kine or cows.
 Kyth, to appear. He'll
 kyth in his ain colours.
 Kyte, the belly.

L

L Aggert, bespattered, covered with clay.

Laigh, low.

Laits, manners.

Lak or Lack, undervalue, contempt; as, He that laks my mare, would buy my mare.

Landart, the country, or belonging to it. Rustic.

Lane, alone.

Langour, languishing, melancholy. To hold one out of langour, *i. e.* divert him.

Lankale, coleworts uncut.

Lap, leaped.

Lapper'd, curdled or clotted.

Lare, a place for laying, or that has been lain in.

Lare, bog,

Lave, the rest or remainder.

Lawin, a tavernreckoning.

Lawland, low country.

Lavrock, the lark.

Lawty or lawtith, ju-

stice, fidelity, honesty.

Leal, true, upright, honest, faithful to trust, loyal. A leal heart never lied.

Leam, flame.

Lear, learning, to learn.

Lee, untilled ground; also, an open grassy plain.

Leglen, a milking-pail with one lug or handle.

Leman, a kept miss.

Lends, buttocks, loins.

Leugh, laughed.

Lew-warm, lukewarm.

Libbit, gelded.

Lick, to whip or beat; item, a wag or cheat, we call a great lick.

Lied, ye lied, ye tell a lie.

Lift, the sky or firmament.

Liggs, lyes.

Lilts, the holes of a wind instrument of music; hence, Lilt up a spring. Lilt it out, take off your drink merrily.

Limmer, a whore.

Limp, to halt.

Lin, a cataract.

- Ling, quick career in a straight line, to gallop.
 Lingle, cord, shoemakers threed.
 Linkan, walking speedily.
 Lire, breasts: item, the most muscular parts; sometimes the air or complexion of the face.
 Lirk, or wrinkle or fold.
 Lisk, the flank.
 Lith, a joint.
 Loan, a little common near to country villages, where they milk their cows.
 Loch, a lake.
 Loo, to love.
 Loof, the hollow of the hand.
 Looms, tools, instruments in general, vessels.
 Loot, did let.
 Low, flame.
 Lowan, flaming.
 Lown, calm. Keep lown, be secret.
 Loun, rogue, whore, villain.
 Lounder, a found blow.
 Lout, to bow down, making courtesy. To sloop.
 Luck, to inclose, shut up, fasten: Hence Lucken-handed, close-fisted; Lucken Gowans, Booths, &c.
 Lucky, grandmother or goody.
 Lug, ear. Handle of a pot or vessel.
 Luggie, a dish of wood with a handle.
 Lum, the chimney.
 Lure, rather.
 Lyart, hoary, or grey-haired.
- M.
- M** Agil, to mangle.
M Maik or make, match, equal.
 Maiklefs, matchless.
 Mailen, a farm.
 Makly, seemly, well-proportioned.
 Makina, it is no matter.
 Malison, a curse, malediction.
 Manglt, gall'd or bruised by stripes.

- Mank, a want.
 Mant, to stammer in
 speech.
 March or merch, a land-
 mark, border of lands.
 Marh, the marrow.
 Marrow, mate, fellow,
 equal, comerade.
 Mask, to mash, in brew-
 ing. Masking-loom,
 mash vat.
 Maun, must. Mauna,
 must not, may not.
 Meikle, much, big,
 great, large.
 Meith, limit, mark,
 sign.
 Mends, satisfaction, re-
 venge, retaliation. To
 make a mends, to make
 a grateful return.
 Menfe, discretion, fo-
 briety, good-breeding.
 Mensfou, mannerly.
 Menzie, company of
 men, army, assembly,
 one's followers.
 Messen, a little dog,
 lap-dog.
 Midding a dung-hill.
 Midges, gnats, little
 flies.
 Mim, affectedly modest.
 Mint, aim, endeavour.
 Mirk, dark.
 Miscaw, to give names.
 Mischance, misfortune.
 Misken, to neglect, or
 not taken notice of one;
 also, let alone.
 Misflushous, malicious,
 rough.
 Mistfers, necessities,
 wants.
 Mittans, woolen gloves.
 Mony, many.
 Mools, the earth of the
 grave.
 Mou, mouth.
 Moup, to eat, general-
 ly used of children, or
 of old people, who
 have but few teeth,
 and make their lips
 move fast, though they
 eat but slow.
 Mow, a pile, or bing,
 as of feuel, hay, sheaves
 of corn, &c.
 Mows, jests.
 Muckle, see Meikle.
 Murgullied, mismana-
 ged, abused.
 Mutch, coif.
 Mutchken, an English
 pint.

N

NAcky or knacky,
clever, active in
small affairs.

Neese, nose.

Nettle, to fret or vex.

Newfangle, fond of a
new thing.

Nevel, a sound blow
with the nive or fist.

Nick, to bite or cheat.

Nicked, cheated: Al-
so, as a cant word to
drink heartily; as He
nicks fine.

Niest, next.

Niffer, to exchange or
barter.

Niffnasan, trifling.

Nignays, trifles.

Nips, bits.

Nither, to straiten. Ni-
thered, hungered, or
half starved in main-
tenance.

Nive, the fist.

Nock, notch or nick of
an arrow or spindle

Noit, see knoit.

Nowt, cows, kine.

Nowther, neither.

Nuckle, new calv'd
(cows.)

O

OE, a grandchild.
O'er or ower,
too much; as, A o'er
is vice.

O'ercome, superplus.

Ony, any.

Or, sometimes used for
ere, or before. Or day,
i. e. before day-break.

Ora, any thing over
what's needful.

Orp, to weep with a
convulsive pant.

Oughtlens, in the least.

Owk, week.

Owrlay, a cravat.

Owsen, oxen.

Owther, either.

Oxter, the arm-pit.

P.

PAddock, a frog.
Paddock-ride, the
spawn of frogs.

Paiks, chastisement. To
Paik, to beat or be-
labour one soundly.

Pang, to squeeze, press,
or pack one thing into
another.

Paughty, proud.

- Pawky**, witty, or sly in word or action, without any harm or bad designs.
Peer, a key or wharf.
Peets, turf for fire.
Pegh, to pant.
Penfy, finical, foppish, conceited.
Perquire, by heart.
Pett, a favourite, a fondling. To **Pettle**, to dandle, feed, cherish, flatter. Hence, to take the **Pett**, is to be peevish or sullen, as commonly **Betts** are when in the least disoblighd.
Pibroughs, such Highland tunes as are played on bag-pipes before them when they go out to battle.
Pig, an earthen pitcher.
Pike, to pick out, or chuse.
Pimpin, pimping, mean, scurvy.
Pine, pain or pining.
Pingle, to contend, strive, or work hard.
Pirn, the spool or quill within the shuttle, or stuff, which receives the yarn.
Pirny (cloth) or a web of unequal threads or colours, stripped.
Pith, strength, might, force.
Plack, two bodles, or the third of a penny English.
Pople or **Paple**, the bubbling, purling, or boiling up of water.
Poortith, poverty.
Powny, a little horse or galloway; also, a turkey.
Pouse, to push.
Pouch, a pocket.
Pratick, practice, art, stratagem.
Priving **Pratick**, trying ridiculous experiments.
Prets, tricks, rogueries. We say, He plaid me a pret, *i. e.* cheated.
The callan's fouo' pret, *i. e.* has abundance of waggish tricks.
Prig, to cheapen, or importune for a lower price of goods one is buying.
Pria, a pin.
Prive, to prove or taste.
Propine, g^d or present.
Pryme or **prime**, to fill

Putt a stane, throw a
big stone.

Quey, a young cow.

R

R Ackless, careless;
one who does
things without regard-
ing whether they be
good or bad, we call
him rackless handed.

Rae, a roc.

Raffan, merry, roving,
heartly.

Raird, a loud sound.

Rair, roar.

Rak or rook, a mist or
fog.

Rampage, to speak and
act furiously.

Rashes, rushes.

Rave, did rive or tear.

Raught, reached.

Rax, to stretch. Rax'd,
reached.

Ream, cream. Whence
streaming; as, reaming
liquor.

Redd, to rid, unravel.

To separate folks that
are fighting. It also
signifies clearing of any

passage. I'm redd,
I'm apprehensive.

Rede, counsel, advice;
as, I wad na rede ye to
do that.

Reek, reach; also smoak.

Reest, to rust, or dry
in the smoke.

Rest, bereft, robbed,
forced or carried away.

Reif, rapine, robbery.

Reik or rink, a course
or race.

Rever, a robber or pirate.

Rewth, pity.

Rice or rise, bulrushes,
bramble-branches, or
twigs of trees.

Rife or ryfe, plenty.

Rift, to belch.

Rigging, the back or
rig-back, the top or
ridge of a house.

Ripples, a weakness in
the back and reins.

Rock, a distaff.

Roofe or rufe, to com-
mend, extol.

Roove, to rivet.

Rottan, a rat.

Roundel, a witty, and
often a satyric kind of
rhime.

Rowan, rolling.

Rowt, to roar, especially
the lowing of bulls and
cows.

Rowth, plenty.

Ruck, a rick or stack of
hay or corns.

Rude, the red taint of
the complexion.

Ruefu, doleful.

Rug, to pull, take away
by force.

Rumple, the rump.

Rungs, small boughs of
trees lopped off.

Runkle, a wrinkle.

Runckle, to ruffle.

S

S Aebins, seeing it is.
Since.

Saikle's, guiltless, free,

Sain'd, blessed.

Sall, shall. Like foud
for should.

Sand-blind, pur-blind,
short-sighted.

Sar, favour or smell.

Sark, a shirt,

Saugh, a willow or fallow
tree.

Saw, an old saying, or
proverbial expression.

Scad, scald.

Scar, the bare dry pieces
on the sides of hills
washen down with rain.

Scart, to scratch.

Scawp, a bare dry piece
of stony ground.

Scon, bread the country
people bake over the
fire, thinner and broad-
er than a bannock.

Scowp, to leap or move
hastily from one place
to another.

Scowth, room, freedom.

Scrimp, narrow, straten-
ed, little.

Scroggs, shrubs, thorns,
briers.

Scroggy, thorny.

Scuds, ale. A late
name given it by the
benders.

Scunner, to loath.

Sell, self.

Seuch, furrow, ditch.

Sey, to try.

Seybow, a young onion.

Shan, pitiful, silly, poor.

Sharn, cow's dung.

Shaw, a wood or forest.

Shawl; shallow.

Shawps, empty husks.

Sheen, shining.

Shill, shrill, having a

- sharp sound.
 Shire, clear, thin. We call thin cloth, or clear liquor, shire; also, a clever wag, a shire lick.
 Shog, to wag, shake, or jog backwards and forwards.
 Shool, shovel.
 Shoon, shoes.
 Shore, to threaten.
 Shotle, a drawer.
 Sib, a-kin.
 Sic, such.
 Sicker, firm, secure.
 Sike, a rill or rivulet, commonly dry in summer.
 Siller, silver.
 Sindie or sinle, seldom.
 Sinsyne, since that time.
 Langsinsyne, long ago.
 Skaill, to scatter.
 Skair, share.
 Skaith, hurt, damage.
 Skeigh, skittish.
 Skelf, shelf.
 Skelp, to run. Used when one runs barefoot. Also, a small splinter of wood. *Item*, To flog the hips.
 Skiff, to move smoothly away.
 Skink, a kind of strong broth, made of cows ham, or knuckles; also, to fill drink in a cup.
 Skirl, to shriek or cry with a shrill voice.
 Sklate, slate. Skailie, is a fine blue slate.
 Skowrie, ragged, nasty, idle.
 Skreed, a rent.
 Skybald, a tatterdemalion.
 Skyt, fly out hastily.
 Slade or slaid, did slide; moved, or made a thing move easily.
 Slap or slak, a gap or narrow pass between two hills. Slap, a breach in a wall.
 Sleek, smooth.
 Sleet, a shower of half-melted snow.
 Slerg, to bedawb or plaster.
 Slid, smooth, cunning, slippery; as, He's a slid lown. Slidry, slippery.
 Slippery, sleepy.
 Slonk, a mire, ditch, or slough; to wade throw a mire.

- Slote, a bar or bolt for a door.
 Slough, husk or coat.
 Smaik, a silly little pitiful fellow; the same with smatchet.
 Smirky, smiling.
 Smittle, infectious or catching.
 Smoor, to smother.
 Snack, nimble, ready, clever.
 Sned, to cut.
 Sneer, to laugh in derision.
 Sneg, to cut; as, Sneg'd off at the web's end.
 Snell, sharp, smarting, bitter, firm.
 Snib, snub, check or reprove, correct.
 Snifter, to snuff or breathe thro' the nose a little stopt.
 Snod, metaphorically used for neat, handsome, tight.
 Snood, the band for tying up a woman's hair.
 Snool, to dispirit by eluding, hard labour, and the like; also, a pitiful groveling slave.
 Snoove, to whirl round.
- Snotter, snôt.
 Snurl, to ruffle, wrinkle.
 Sod, a thick turf.
 Sonfy, happy, fortunate, lucky: sometimes used for large and lusty.
 Sore, sorrel, reddish-coloured.
 Sorn, sponge.
 Sose, the noise that a thing makes, when it falls to the ground.
 Sough, the sound of wind amongst the trees, or of one sleeping.
 Sowens, flummery, or oat-meal sown'd amongst water for some time, then boiled to a consistency, and eaten with milk or butter.
 Sowf, to conn over a tune on an instrument.
 Spae, to foretell or divine.
 Spaemen, prophets, augurs.
 Spain, to wean from the breast.
 Spait, a torrent, flood, or inundation.
 Spang, a jump; to leap or jump.
 Spaul, shoulder, arm.
 Speel, to climb.

- Speer, to ask, enquire., tend.
 Spelder, to split, stretch Stipend, a benefice.
 draw asunder. Stirk, a steer or bullock.
 Spence, the place of the Stoit or stot, to rebound
 house where provisions or reflect.
 are kept. Soor, rough, hoarse,
 Spill, to spoil, abuse. Stou, to cut or crop.
 Spoolie, spoil, booty, A stou, a large cut or
 plunder. piece.
 Spraings, stripes of dif- Stound, a smarting pain
 ferent colours. or stitch.
 Spring, a tune on a Stur, dust agitated by
 musical instrument. winds, or horse feet
 Sprush, spruce. To stour, to run quickly.
 Spruttl'd, speckled spot- Stowth, stealth.
 ted. Strapan, clever, tall,
 Spunk, tinder. handsome.
 Stalwart, strong and Strath, a plain on a
 valiant. river side.
 Stang, did sting; also, Streek, to stretch.
 a sting or pole. Striddle, to stride; ap-
 Stank, a pool of stand- plied commonly to one
 ing water. that's little.
 Stark, strong robust. Strinkle, to sprinkle or
 Starns, the stars. Starn, straw.
 a small moiety. We Stroot or strut, stuff'd
 say, Ne'er a starn. full, drunk.
 Stay, steep; as, Set a Strunt, a pet. To take
 stout heart to a stay, brae. the strunt, to be petted
 Steek, shut, close. or out of humour.
 Stegh, to cram. Studdy, an anvil, or
 Stend or sten, to move smith's stithy.
 with a hasty long pace. Sturdy, giddy-headed;
 Stent, to stretch or ex- item, strong.

- Sture or floor, stiff, strong, hoarse.
 Sturt, trouble, disturbance, vexation.
 Stym, a blink, or a little fight of a thing.
 Suddle, to sully, dirty.
 Sumph, blockhead.
 Sunkan, splenetic.
 Sunkots, something.
 Swak, to throw.
 Swankies, clever young fellows.
 Swarf, to swoon away.
 Swash, squat, fuddled.
 Swatch, a pattern.
 Swats, small ale.
 Swecht, burden, weight.
 Sweer, lazy, slow.
 Sweeties, confections.
 Swelt, suffocated, choaked to death.
 Swith, begone quickly.
 Swither, to be doubtful what to do.
 Syne, afterwards, then.

T.

- T** Ackel, an arrow.
 Taid, toad.
 Tane, taken.
 Tap, a head, Such a quantity of lint as spinsters put upon the distaff, is called a Lint-tap.
 Tape, to use any thing sparingly.
 Tappit-hen, the Scotch quart stoup.
 Tarrow, to refuse what we love, being cross.
 Tartan, cross stripped stuff of various colours, checkered. The Highland plaid.
 Tafs, a little dram-cup.
 Tate, a small lock of hair, or any little quantity of wool, &c.
 Taunt, to mock.
 Tawpy, a foolish wench.
 Taz, a whip or scourge.
 Ted, to scatter, spread.
 Tee, a little earth on which gamesters at the gowf set their balls before they strike them.
 Teen or Tynd, anger, rage, sorrow.
 Teet, to peep out.
 Tensome, the number of ten.
 Tent, attention. Tenty, cautious.
 Thack, thatch. Thacker, thatcher.
 Thae, those.
 Tharmes, small tripes.
 Theek, to thatch.
 Thig, to beg or borrow.

- Thir, these.
 Thole, to endure, suffer.
 Thow, thaw.
 Thowless, unactive, silly, lazy, heavy.
 Thrawart, froward, cross, crabbed.
 Thrawin, stern and cross-grained.
 Threep, to aver, alledge, urge, and affirm boldly.
 Thrimal, to press or squeeze thro' with difficulty.
 Thud, a blast, storm, or the violent sound of these. Cry'd heh at ilka thud; *i. e.* groan at every blow.
 Tid, tide or time; proper time; as, he took the tid.
 Tist, good order, health.
 Tine, lose. Tint, lost.
 Tinsel, loss.
 Tip or tippony, ale sold for 2d. the Scotch pint.
 Tirl or tir, to uncover a house, or undress a person; strip one naked. Sometimes a short action is named a Tirl; as, They took a tirl of dancing, drinking, &c.
 Titty, sister.
 Tocher portion, dowry.
 Tod, a fox.
 Tooly, to fight. A fight or quarrel.
 Toom, empty; applied to a barrel, purse, house, &c. Item, to empty.
 Tosh, right, neat.
 Tosie, warm, pleasant, half fuddled.
 To the fore, in being, alive, unconsumed.
 Touse or toulse, to rumple, tease.
 Tout, the sound of a horn or trumpet.
 Tow, a rope. A Tyburn neck lace, or St Johnstoun ribband.
 Towmond, a year or twelve-month.
 Trewes, hose and breeches all of a piece.
 Trig, neat, handsome.
 Troke, exchange.
 True, to true, trust, believe; as, True ye sae? Love gars me true ye.
 Truf, steal.
 Tryst, appointment.
 Turs, turfs, trus.
 Twin, to part with, or separate from.

Twitch, touch.
Twinters, sheep of two
years old.
Tydie, plump, fat, luc-
ky.
Tynd, vide Teen.
Tyft, to entice, ftir up,
allure.

U.

UGG, to deteft,
hate, naufcate.
Ugſome, hateful, nau-
ſeous, horrible.
Umwhile, the late or
deceaſed ſome time a-
go. Of old.
Undocht or wandocht,
a ſilly, weak perſon.
Uneith, not eaſy.
Ungeard, naked, not
clad, unharnefſed.
Unko or unco, uncouth,
ſtrange.
Unloofome, unlovely.
Vougy, elevated, proud.
That boafte or brags of
any thing.

W.

WAD or wed,
pledge, wager,
pawn; alſo, would.
Waſſ, wandering by it-
ſelf.

Wak, moiſt, wet.
Wale, to pick and chuſe.
The wale, *i. e.* the beſt.
Wallop, to move ſwift-
ly, with much agita-
tion.
Wally, choſen, beauti-
ful, large. A bonny
wally, *i. e.* a fine thing.
Wame, womb.
Wandought, want, of
dought, impotent.
Wangrace, wickedneſs,
want of grace,
War; worſe.
Warlock, wizarde.
Wat or wit, to know.
Waught, drinks largely.
Wee, little; as, A wan-
ton wee thing.
Wean or weeane, a child.
Ween, thought, imagin-
ed, ſuppoſed.
Weir, war.
Weird, fate or deſtiny.
Weit, rain.
Werſh, inſipid, wallo-
wiſh, wanting ſalt.
Whauk, whip, beat, ſlog.
Whid, to fly quickly.
A whid is a haſty flight.
Whilk, which.
Whilly, to cheat. Whil-
lywha, a cheat.

Whingeing, whining,
speaking with a dole-
ful tone.

Whins, furze.

Whisht, hush. Hold
your peace.

Whisk, to pull out ha-
stily.

Whomilt, turned upside
down.

Wight, stout, clever,
item, a man or person.

Wimpling, a turning
backward and fore-
ward, winding like the
meanders of a river.

Win or won, to reside.
dwell.

Winna, will not.

Winnocks, windows.

Winsome, gaining, de-
fireable, agreeable, com-
plete, large; we say,
My winsome love.

Worrykow, a bugbear.

Wisent, parched, dry.

Wistle to exchange
(money.)

Withershins, cross mo-
tion, or against the sun.

Wow or W, wool; as
in the whim of mak-
ing five words out of

four letters, thus z, a,
s, w; (*i. e.*) Is it all
one wool?

Wood, mad.

Woody, the gallows.

Wordy, worthy.

Wow! strange! won-
derful!

Wreaths (of snow),
when heaps of it are
blown together.

Wyfing, inclining. To
wyse, to lead, train.

Wyson, the gullet,

Wyt, to blame. Blame,

Y

Y Amph, to bark.

Yap, hungry, ha-
ving a longing desire
for any thing ready.

Yealton, yea wilt thou.

Yed, to contend, wrangle.

Yerk, to do any thing
with celerity.

Yesk, the hiccup.

Yett, gate.

Yestreen, yesternight.

Youidith, youthfulness.

Yowden, wearied.

Yowf, a swinging blow.

Yuke, the itch.

Yule, Christmas.

